विदेह पेटार [४२१-५२१]

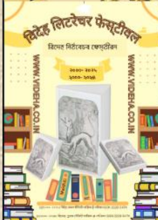
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Videha Archives

Videha Archives





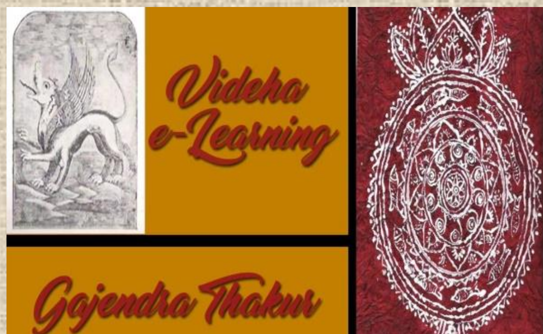
𑒫𑒱𑒠𑒹𑒯 𑒣𑒹𑒙𑒰𑒩 [𑓔𑓒𑓑-𑓕𑓒𑓑]

𑓔𑓒𑓑 𑓔𑓒𑓒 𑓔𑓒𑓓 𑓔𑓒𑓔 𑓔𑓒𑓕...𑓕𑓒𑓑

𑒫𑒱𑒠𑒹𑒯 𑓔𑓒𑓑



𑒫𑒱𑒠𑒹𑒯 𑒧𑒻𑒟𑒱𑒪𑒲 𑒮𑒰𑒯𑒱𑒞𑓂𑒨 𑒂𑒢𑓂𑒠𑒼𑒪𑒢𑓁 𑒧𑒰𑒢𑒳𑒭𑒲𑒧𑒱𑒯 𑒮𑓀𑒮𑓂𑒏𑒵𑒞𑒰𑒧𑓂



𑒮𑒧𑓂𑒣𑒰𑒠𑒏𑓁 𑒑𑒖𑒹𑒢𑓂𑒠𑓂𑒩 𑒚𑒰𑒏𑒳𑒩।

[রিদেহ- প্রথম মৈথিনী পাক্ষিক ঙা-পত্রিকা ISSN 2229-547X Videha e-Journal (since 2000) at www.videha.co.in]

ঙা মৈথিনীক পহিন ঙঁষ্টবনেষ্ট পত্রিকা থিক জকব নাম রাঁদমে ১ জনরবী ২০০৮ সঁ 'রিদেহ' পড়নৈ। ঙঁষ্টবনেষ্টপব মৈথিনীক প্রথম ঙঁপস্থিতিক যাত্রা রিদেহ- প্রথম মৈথিনী পাক্ষিক ঙা পত্রিকা ধবি পহুঁচন শ্বছি, জে http://www.videha.co.in/ পব ঙা প্রকাশিত হোঙত শ্বছি। শ্বার্ব "ভানসবিক গাছ" জানবৃত্ত 'রিদেহ' ঙা-পত্রিকাক প্রবঞাক সঁগ মৈথিনী ভাষাক জানবৃত্তক এগ্রীগেষ্টবক কপমে প্রযঞ ভহ বহন শ্বছি।

VIDEHA:431

 সমানান্তর পরম্পরাক বিদ্যাপতি- চিত্র বিদেহ সম্মানসঁ সম্মানিত শ্রী পনকলাল মণ্ডল দ্বারা।

মৈথিলী ভাষা জগজ্জননী সীতায়াঃ ভাষা আসীত্। হনুমন্তঃ উক্তবান- মানুষীমিহ সংস্কৃতাম্।

অনুক্রম

রিদেহ ৪২১ম খৃংক ০১ দিসম্ব্বর ২০২৩ (রর্ষ ১৮ মাস ২১৬ খৃংক ৪২১)

ঐ খৃংকমে খছি:-

১.১.খৃংক ৪২০ পব ট্টিপ্পলী

গছ

২.১.কন্পনা ঝা-মৌথিনী সাহিহমে ভঁপেন্দ্ব নাথ ঝা 'ব্যাস' এরঁ হ্মনক পবিরাবক যোগদান -**18**

২.২.হিতনাথ ঝা-মৌথিনী সাহিহমে তাবানাথ ঝা এরঁ হ্মনক পবিরাবক যোগদান-**10**

২.৩.নানদের কামত-নঘুকথা- জূড়ো কবাণ্টে

২.৪.পবমানন্দ নান কর্ণ-বুঁঢ়াপাক জিনগী

Maithili Literature in English Translation

3.1.The pod of a tree, Peerar- Jagdish Prasad Mandal (Original Maithili Short Story) Dr Ram Ashish Singh (English Translation)

3.2.GLIMPSES OF RURAL LIFE- Dr. Ram Ashish Singh

3.3.World Peace- Jagdish Prasad Mandal (Original Maithili Short Story) Rameshwar Prasad Mandal (English Translation)



१.१.अंक ४३० पर टिप्पणी

ग्रुप कॅप्टेन (डॉ) वी एन झा

आदरणीय गजेंद्र ठाकुर जी !
१. विदेह सम्पादन में वॅह्तों साल सँ अपनेक अति सराहनीय योगदान अछि आ हम लोकनि अनेकों राज्य में मैथिली के ललधा रस-स्वाद चाखि रहल छी, ओहि लेल समग्र मैथिल समाज सँ अपने कें शत-शत नमन I
२. हम तँ वॅशी लेख नैं पठौनें छी मुदा ई देखि रहल छी जे अधिकाँशि लेख में फॉर्मेटिंग में त्रुटि भ रहल अछि I Word Format में जतेक लेख पठौनें छी सब में paragraph व line spacing रहै जे छापै में टूटि जेल अछि I सब्तु subtitle bold में रहए जे छापए में नहि आएल अछि I यहाँ तक कि फोटै सेहो वॅदलि गेल आ ओकरा संग छोटै परिचय, जे लेख के अंत में चलि गेल आ ओकरो फॉर्मेटिंग विगड़ि गेल अछि I पत्रिका में सब्तु लेख के formatting में यदि समानता राखल जाए तँ वॅहतर स्तर रहत I
३. हमर मंतव्य एक स्वभार मात्र थीक जाहि सँ विदेह संस्करण आकर्षक देखाएत I

सप्रेम नमस्कार
-Gp Capt (Dr) V N Jha,Bangalore

अपन मंतव्य editorial.staff.videha@zohomail.in पर पठाउ ।

गद्य

२.१.कल्पना झा-मैथिली साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ झा 'व्यास' एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान **-18**

२.२.हितनाथ झा-मैथिली साहित्यमे ताराानाथ झा एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान**-10**

२.३.नारायण कामत-लघुकथा- जूठो कपार्टे

२.४.परमानन्द लाल कर्ण-बुढ़ापाक जिनगी

२.१.कल्पना झा-मैथिली साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ झा 'व्यास' एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान **-18**

कल्पना झा- मैथिली साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ झा 'व्यास' एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान -18



कल्पना झा

(उपेन्द्रनाथ झा 'व्यास' साहित्य अध्येता, आलोचक एवं कथाकार)

मैथिली साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ झा 'व्यास' एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान -18

मैथिली महाभारतक रचयिता 'व्यास' जी

किछु लोक 'व्यास' जी रचित मैथिली महाभारत केँ अनुवादक रूप मे देखैत छथि। मुदा वास्तविकता की अछि से हुनकहि शब्द मे देखल जाए-

"हम महाभारतक अनुवाद नहि कएल अछि। मूल महाभारत (गीता प्रेस) केँ आगाँ राखि, ओकर यथासंभव सभ मुख्य बात केँ ध्यान रखैत, अपना हिसाबेँ

সবিখরৈঁত নিখৈত গেনহুঁ। হমবা রিশ্বাস খছি, হমবা রঁতেঁ জে ঔ কাজ ভেন সে 'রিষ্ণু–রূপ র‍্যাস'ক গ্রুপা সঁ – ওএহ জেনা প্রেবিত করৈত মোথি। তুনসীদাস জেনা নিখনে ছথি–'তস কহিহুঁ হিয হবি কে প্রেবে। নিখৈত কান প্ররাহ মে জে ছন্দ জেনা খাএন গেন তেনা নিখৈত গেনহুঁ। মৌথিনী মে 'এ', 'ও' এক মাত্রিক এরং দ্বিমাত্রিক দুনূ হোগত ছৈক। তদনুসাব মৌথিনী শব্দ সভ খারি গেনৈক খছি। প্রেস কাপী তৈযাব করৈত কান খা মুদ্রণ করৈত কান সেহো ঔ ধ্যান বাখন গেন জে জতএ ছন্দ রঁদনৈক, ততএ কিছু স্থান ছোড়ি খাগাঁ রঁঠ ী। (সংভরতঃ কতহু ছুটিও গেন হো) রিজ্ঞ পাঠক পঢ়ৈত কান ছন্দ পকড়ি নেতাহ, সে রিশ্বাস খছি। সাধাবণতঃ পূর্বক চৌপাগ রা খানো ভাষা ছন্দ বচনা সভ মে প্রত্যেক পাঁতী মে প্রাযঃ পূর্ণ খর্থ দেরাঁক চেষ্টা কএন জাগত ছন। এহি মে ওহি রূপক রাঁধ্যতা নহি বাখন গেন খছি, ভার খা প্ররাহ কেঁ ধ্যান মে বাখি কএ।"

'র‍্যাস' জীক উঁক্ত রক্তর‍্য সঁ স্পষ্ট খছি জে মৌথিনী মহাভাবত খনুরাদ নহি খছি। রস্তুত: ঔ 'র‍্যাস' জীক মৌনিক গ্রুতি ছনি। দূ ভাগ মে নিখন গেন মৌথিনী মহাভাবতক পহিন ভাগ খছি 'খাদি পর্র' খা দোসব ভাগ খছি, 'সভা পর্র; রন পর্র' মহাভাবতক বচনা ক' রস্তুত: খপন নামক সার্থকতা সিদ্ধ কএনে ছথি 'র‍্যাস' জী। এহি প্রসংগক চর্চা খপন নিখন "দূ শব্দ"ক খরুখাতে মে কএনে ছথি 'র‍্যাস' জী। এক দিন গপ্পক প্রসংগ মে খবড়খ কে শ্রী দযানাথ ঝা হঁসৈত

কফলে ছলথিন, "ফম ঋফাঁ কেঁ 'ব্যাস' তখন বুঝব জখন ঋফাঁ 'মফাভাবত' নিখব।" সে হুনকব বাঁত 'ব্যাস' জীক মোন মে বৈসি গেননি জেনা। ঋা ও ঋপন নামক সার্থকতা সিদ্ধ ক' ক' বফনাফ।

'ব্যাস' জী বচিত মফাভাবতক দুনূ ভাগ ঋনুবাদ তঁ নফিএ ঋছি, একবা ভাবানুবাদো নফি কফন জা সকৈছ। ও গীতা প্রেস সঁ প্রকাশিত মফাভাবতক ঋধ্যযন কবৈত বফনাফ ঋা ওকব ভাব গ্রফণ কএ ঋপন ভাষা মে কিছু নবীনতা, কিছু বিশিষ্টতাক সংগ বচনা প্রাবম্ভ কএননি। জেনা বামাযণ কএঋক গোষ্ঠে নিখননি ঋা সভ বামাযণ মূনে কফবৈত ঋছি। জখন কি ঋাদি কাব্য তঁ শ্রীমদ্বাল্মীকি বামাযণ ঋছি। তথাপি বাঁদক নিখন সভ বামাযণ মূনে কফবৈত ঋছি, চাফে ও তুনসীদাস দৃত শ্রীবামচবিতমানস ফোঋএ কি ঋদ্ভুত বামাযণ, ঋা কি কম্ব বামাযণ। মিথিনাভাষা বামাযণ ফোঋএ কি বমেশ্ববচবিত মিথিনা বামাযণ। তফিনা সভ মফাভাবত মূনে কফন জাএত। চাফে গুশিনাথ ঝা দৃত ফোঋএ কি উঁপেন্দ্র নাথ ঝা 'ব্যাস' দৃত ঋা কি বুদ্ধিনাথ ঝা দৃত ঔঁ মফাভাবত ফোঋএ। এফি মৌথিনী মফাভাবত মে 'ব্যাস' জী মফাকাব্যক ঋনুবপেঁ ঋনেক ছন্দক প্রযোগ কএননি ঋছি। ঠাম-ঠাম পব পাঠক কেঁ ঋতি-ঋাকর্ষক দোফা সভ ভেটৈতনি পঠ◌াবাঁ নেন। তফিনা বূপক ঋা ঋনংকাব যুক্ত দোফা সেফো ঋভবতনি পাঠক কেঁ। মানে পঠ◌ি ক' ঋানন্দ ঋাবি জেতনি, সে নিশ্চিত বাঁত!

'ব্যাস' জীক ঋধিকতব মূন পোথী, জেনা উঁপন্যাস, কথা-সংগ্রফ, কবিতা-সংগ্রফ, খণ্ড-কাব্য, সভটা

পাতৰ-পাতৰ পোথী সভ ছনি। মানে সএ সঁ কম পৃষ্ঠক। হুদা মহাভাৰতক দুনূ ভাগ লগভগ **270-270** পৃষ্ঠক ছনি। পহিল ভাগ, 'আদি পর্ব' কেঁ দূ পৃষ্ঠক "দূ শৰ্ব্ব"ক অতিৰিক্ত **269** পৃষ্ঠ মে সমেটল গেল অছি। দোসৰ ভাগ লেল 'সভা পর্ব' লিখললি। 'আদি পর্ব'ক অপেক্ষা 'সভা পর্ব' বহুত ছোট বৰ্ণনা গেললি। তেঁ অন্দাজ ভেললি জে দোসৰ ভাগ মে 'বন পর্ব'ক ওতেক অংশ দ' দেল জাএ, জাহি সঁ পুস্তক ৰূপ মে 'আদি পর্ব'ক পুস্তক জকাঁ, মানে ওতবে মোটগৰ পোথী ভ' জাএ। আ সএহ ভেললি অংততঃ। মহাভাৰতক দুনূ ভাগ লগভগ সমান আকাৰ-প্ৰকাৰক পোথী অছি। দোসৰ ভাগ মে 'সভা পর্ব' আ 'বন পর্ব' মিলা ক' **265** পৃষ্ঠ অছি। "দূ শৰ্ব্ব"ক চাৰি পৃষ্ঠ ছোড়ি ক'। মানে কুল **269** পৃষ্ঠ দোসৰো ভাগ মে। প্ৰায়ঃ দুনূ পোথীক সমান আকাৰ-প্ৰকাৰ পৰ ধ্যান দৈত 'বন পর্ব'ক কিছুএ অংশ 'মহাভাৰত'ক দোসৰ ভাগ মে আৰি সকল। দুনূ 'মহাভাৰত'ক প্ৰকাশন সেহো সংগ-সংগ ভেল অছি, এহন অনুমান লাগি ৰহল অছি। ওনা 'ব্যাস' জীক কোনো পোথী মে প্ৰকাশন বৰ্ষ নহি ভেটৈত অছি। লেখক দ্বাৰা লিখল "দূ শৰ্ব্ব" মে লিচাঁ দেল তিথিএ কেঁ প্ৰকাশন তিথি মানল জাগত ৰহল অছি। তদনুসাৰ পহিল ভাগক প্ৰকাশন **23** জূন **1994** মে ভেল অছি। এহি পোথীক বিমোচন 'ব্যাস' জীক পটনা স্থিত নিৱাস স্থান পৰ ভেল ছলএ। বিমোচনকৰ্তা ছলাহ সুৰেন্দ্ৰ ঝা 'সুমন' আ বিমোচনক তিথি ছলএ **22** জুলাই **1994**। সে উক্ত পোথীক ভলৰ কৰৰ পৰ ভীমনাথ ঝাক কলম সঁ অংকিত অছি। এহি ৰাঁত সভ সঁ পোথীক প্ৰকাশন বৰ্ষ **1994** মোএৰাঁক পুষ্টি

হোগত খছি। ঋা 'মহাভাবত'ক দোসব ভাগ 'সভা পর্ব; বন পর্ব' প্রকাশিত ভেন খছি সন্ 1999 মে।

'ব্যাস' জীক গষ্টা তঁ ভ্তননি জে সম্পূর্ণ মহাভাবত কেঁ মৌথিনী সাহিত্য মে খানথি হ্নদা মহাভাবত গ্রন্থক রিশান খাকাব-প্রকাব, শ্লোকক ভাবী সংখ্যা খা রঁএসক সংগ হুনকব খপন স্বাস্থ্য গড়বঁড়। জাএরঁ, কাবণ বহন জে ও গষ্টা খপূর্ণে বহি গেননি হুনকব। হ্নদা জতরেঁ, জএহ দূ-তীন 'পর্ব' কেঁ মৌথিনী মে খানি সকনাহ, সে হুনক খদ্ভুত কাব্য-কৌশনক পবিচাযক তঁ খছিএ।

বমণ ঝা জীক পোথী (ভাবতীয সাহিত্যক নির্মাতা : উঁপেন্দ্র নাথ ঝা 'ব্যাস') জে সাহিত্য খকাদমীক সৌজন্য সঁ সন্ 2022 মে প্রকাশিত ভেননি খছি, তকব কিছু সংদর্ভ নেনহুঁ খছি হম এহি নেখ নেন।

সংপাদকীয সূচনা-

1) ক্রাঁগ খববী-ফাবসী-উঁর্দূক একটা কঠিন রিধা ছৈ। এহি রিধাক সমগ্র জানকাবী প্রাপ্ত কববাঁক নেন **খাশীষ খনচিন্হাব**ক পোথী "মৌথিনী গজনক ব্যাকবণ ও ইতিহাস" পঢ়ন জা একৈ।

2) এহি সিবীজক প্রবান ক্রম এহি নিংকপব জা কহ

পঠ◌f সকৈত স্তী–

মৈথিলী সাহিত্যমে উঁপেন্দ্র নাথ ঝা 'ব্যাস' এবং হুনক পবিরাবক যোগদান-8

মৈথিলী সাহিত্যমে উঁপেন্দ্র নাথ ঝা 'ব্যাস' এবং হুনক পবিরাবক যোগদান-9

মৈথিলী সাহিত্যমে উঁপেন্দ্র নাথ ঝা 'ব্যাস' এবং হুনক পবিরাবক যোগদান-10

মৈথিলী সাহিত্যমে উঁপেন্দ্র নাথ ঝা 'ব্যাস' এবং হুনক পবিরাবক যোগদান-11

মৈথিলী সাহিত্যমে উঁপেন্দ্র নাথ ঝা 'ব্যাস' এবং হুনক পবিরাবক যোগদান-12

মৈথিলী সাহিত্যমে উঁপেন্দ্র নাথ ঝা 'ব্যাস' এবং হুনক পবিরাবক যোগদান-13

মৈথিলী সাহিত্যমে উঁপেন্দ্র নাথ ঝা 'ব্যাস' এবং হুনক পবিরাবক যোগদান-14

মৈথিলী সাহিত্যমে উঁপেন্দ্র নাথ ঝা 'ব্যাস' এবং হুনক পবিরাবক যোগদান-15

মৈথিলী সাহিত্যমে উঁপেন্দ্র নাথ ঝা 'ব্যাস' এবং হুনক

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২.২.হিতনাথ ঝা–মৈথিলী সাহিত্যমে তাবানাথ ঝা এরং হুনক পবিরাবক যোগদান–10

হিতনাথ ঝা– মৈথিলী সাহিত্যমে তাবানাথ ঝা এরং হুনক পবিরাবক যোগদান–10



হিতনাথ ঝা

(মৈথিলীমে গ্রামগাথা রিধাকেঁ নর জীরন দেনিহাব, পাঠকীয রিধাক খগ্গখা। সংপর্ক– **9430743070**)

মৈথিলী সাহিত্যমে তাবানাথ ঝা এরং হুনক পবিরাবক যোগদান **10**

বানী চন্দ্রারতীক কীর্তিগাথা

কোগনখক প.উগ্রদত্ত ঝা রৈযাকবণক প্বত্রী বহথি গংগা। হিনক রিবাহ রনৈলী বাজ(পূর্ণিযা)ক ক্মাব চন্দ্রানন্দ সিংহ

সংগ ভেননি। সাস্ববমে হিনক নাম পড়ি গেননি পতিক নামপব চন্দ্রাবতী। দুর্ভাগ্য, ওা ব়ঁহ্ত কমহি খবস্থামে বিধবা ভ' গেনীহি। খপন যোগ্যতা–ক্ষমতা, চত্তবতা তথা দৃঢ় ওঙ্কাশক্তিক ব়ঁনপব বাজ্যক শাসন–সূত্র খপন হাথমে নেননি খা এক–সঁ–এক মহত্ত্বপূর্ণ ও স্থাযী কীর্তি স্থাপিত ক**s** গেনীহি, জে খাওযো হিনকা জীবিত বখনে ছনি।

হিনক কীর্তি দেখি ন◌ॉর্ড বিনমিংগ্টন (**Viceroy and Governor General of India**) এক সনদ প্রদান ক**s** হিনকা 'বানী'ক উঁপাধি দ**s** খনংহ্নত কযনথিন। সনদ মে নিখন খছি– **:I hearby confer upon you the title of 'Rani' as a personal distinction."**

'প্রভাত'ক বানীসাহিবাঁক বিষযমে খনেক খংকমে হ্নক কীর্তি–যশক খানেখ খা কবিতা (ধাবাবাহিক সেহো) প্রকাশিত খছি, কিন্তু সভ খংক উঁপনব্ধ নহি বহনাক কাবণসঁ, জতবঁহি উঁপনব্ধ ভ' সকন খছি, ও এক ঠাম সমেটি প্রস্তুত ক' বহন ছী। এক সমস্যাপূর্তিক সেহো হিনক নামপব বাখন গেন খছি ' জত চন্দ্রাবতি বানী', ও সমস্যাপূর্তি খধ্যাযমে পছিনা খংকমে প্রকাশিত ভেন ছন। 'প্রভাত'মে এক বিশেষাংক নিকনবাঁক ঘোষণা ভেন ছন 'চংদ্রাংক'জে ক্ষমাব চন্দ্রানন্দ সিংহ এবং বানী চন্দ্রাবতীক কীর্তিগাথা বহত। ঘবক সংঘ কোওনখ দ্বাবা প্রদত্ত দু খভিনন্দন–পত্রক প্রতিনিপিমে মাত্র এক উঁপনব্ধ খছি, দোসব জে খংক নষ্ঠ ভ' গেন, ওহীমে বহন হেতৈক।

শ্রীমতী বানী সাহিরাঁক চন্দ্রারতী জীকেঁ হারক সংঘ,কোগনখক তবফসঁ দূ খভিনন্দন পত্র দেন জযতৈন্হি। প্রথম খভিনংদন পত্রক প্রতিনিপি নিম্ননিখিত খছি :- সম্পাদক।

শ্রী ঞ মতী বানী চন্দ্রারতী সাহিরাঁ জীক কব কংজমে 'বানী'ক উঁপাধি প্রাপ্ত হযরাঁক খরসবপব সাদব সমর্পিত।

খভিনন্দন পত্র

দযারতি !

খপনেক ' বানী ' উঁপাধি পযরাঁক সংবাদ দ্বাবা জাহি খনিরর্চনীয খানন্দক সৃষ্ঠি এহি গামক সমস্ত খারান-বৃদ্ধ মন্ডলীমে ভেন খছি ওকবা ব্যক্ত কবরঁ খসম্ভর। হৃদয হর্ষ ব্যক্ত কবরাঁক উঁপযাক্ত সাধনাভাজেঁ হমবানোকনিক হৃদয -সাম্রাজ্য খান্দানিত ভয গেন খছি।

খপনেক খাকীর্ণ -স্বর্গা-কীর্তি-নতাক প্রতিনিধি স্বরূপ কাশীস্থ শ্রীশ্যামা মন্দিবক গগনমে গ্রস্বঁজকেঁ দেখি সাম্প্রতিক ভাবতাধিপতি খপনা জন্মতিথিক শুভ খরসবপব খপনে কাঁ 'বানী' উঁপাধি দয খপনাকেঁ

গৌবরান্বিত কযনৈন্হ খছি।

হে কীর্তি–স্বরূপে ! হে পবমোদাবাশয ! ! হমবহ্ নোকনি খপনেক সন কীর্তি চন্দ্র সঁ চন্দ্রিতা, রিদ্যা–রৃদ্ধি, রন–রৈভর, প্রভা–প্রতিভা, জ্ঞান–রিজ্ঞান খাদি দেরোচিত গ্ণসঁ খনংদ্রতা খধিপতিক ছত্রছাযামে বহরাঁক স্বখরসব পারি কোগনখকেঁ প্নঃ পূর্বরত রিদ্যা–রৃদ্ধিক কেন্দ্র রনায খপনেক জন্মভূমিক গৌবর রঢ়যরাঁক গছুক ছী।

প্রাচীন মিথিনাক হ্নপতি কপ্প ধর্ম রশিষ্ঠরত খপনা পিতৃদেরক পদ–চিহ্নক খন্বশবণ কয রিদ্যাদানক নিমিত্ত খপনে সর্বপ্রথম চিবকান পূর্ব উদ্যত ভেনহুঁ। কতেক রাঁধা কতেক রিপর্যয দুর্নধ্য গিবিরত খপনেক পথ–বোধ কযনে ঠাঢ় ছন পবন্তু চিবন্তন খশীরাদিনী খপনে জাহি খদম্য উৎসাহ, উৎকর্ষ খভিনাষা এরং ঘোব কর্ত্তব্য পবাযণতাক খরনম্বন কয যনে জাবী বাখন, তকব হ্নস্বরূপ এহি গ্রাম মধ্য রিশ্রুতনামা খংগবেজী স্কূন রিদ্যমান খছি । খপনেক খটৈন রিদ্যান্ববাগ দেখি হমবা নোকনিকেঁ পূর্ণ খাশা হোগছ জে যৈহ স্কূন রিশান রূপ ধাবণ কয জ্ঞানক খানোকসঁ খজ্ঞান তিমিবাচ্ছন হমবা নোকনিক মনো মন্দিবকেঁ উজ্জ্বন কবৈত খপনেক ধর্ম্ম–কার্যক শাস্বত রৈজযন্তী রনন বহত।

হে কোগনখ–ভাগ্য–রিধাত্রি ! হে রিদ্যাদানৈক ব্রতী ! খপনেক উপকাবক ভাব সঁ দরন বহনহুঁ, সন্তানক ভারী উন্নতিক উপকবণক হেতু হেবি খাশান্বিত নেত্রসঁ নিশ্চন–

निष्पन्द रूपेँ अपनहिक दिशि ताकि अपनेक दीर्घ जीवनक हेतु भगवानसँ आन्तरिक प्रार्थना करैत छी।

अपनेक सेवक

युवक-संघ, कोइलख।

(वर्ष-02, अंक-08, अगस्त-1934 ई.)

काशीक यज्ञमे अदम्य उत्साह

श्री रमानन्द झा, कोइलख।

1934 ई.मे ता. 13 जूनाइक श्रीमती रानी चन्द्रावती महोदावाशया, एहि असार संसारमे केवल धर्महि क ॅ सारवान बूझि स्वर्गोपमा काशीस्थ मणिकर्णिका ओर विश्वनाथ अन्नपूर्णाकि सन्निहित मेँ एक मनोहर ओर अति विशाल स्वनिर्मित मन्दिरमे जगज्जननी जानकी सहित जगन्नियन्ता जगदीश्वर श्री रामचन्द्रक सुदृढ़ ओर सुन्दर प्रतिमाक तथा लक्ष्मण महावीर ओर लक्ष्मीक प्रतिमाक स्थापना कैने छलीह। एहि अनुपम कीर्त्तिक वृतान्त यज्ञ दिवससँ किछु काल पूर्वहिँसँ मैथिल समाजकेँ कर्णपथ भेल छलैन्ह। अनन्तर ओहि सुअवसर केँ अत्यन्त आसन्न काल बूझि निमन्त्रित गुणी व्यक्तिसँ सँ अतिरिक्तो हमर मैथिल मण्डली, अत्यावश्यको स्वगृहकार्यकेँ तिलांजलि दय काशीक यात्रा करैत गेलाह किन्तु काशी गमनेच्छुकव्यक्तिसँ

স্টেশনপব এক ছোট-মোট মেনা ভ' গেনৈক। ওহি মেনাকেঁ দেখি কতিপয জেঁটিনমৈন নোকনি দ্বি, চাবি কোঠনী বিক্রি কয নেনৈন্হ ওব বহুত গনমস্তক ভোগ্য করৈত ভাবী আনন্দক বেগবতী ধাবা মে গোঁতা খাগত ধূম জান সঁ বিদা ভয বঁনাবস পহুঁচৈত গেনাহ। ওহিঠাম কিছু কান পূর্বহিসঁ আগন্তুক ব্যক্তিক স্বাগতার্থ মোটৈব, বঁগ্গী, টৈমটৈম আদি সবাবী নয কর্মচাবী নোকনি উঁপস্থিত ভ ক যথা যোগ্য স্বাগত কয নিশ্চিত স্থানমে পহুঁচায দিব্য প্রাসাদমে স্থান দেনথিন্হ ওব উঁপাস্থিক ব্যক্তি সহিত সভৈ গোটৌ কেঁ ভোজনাদিক স্বপ্রবন্ধ যথেষ্টানুকূন কয দেনথিন্হ। যজ্ঞ দিবস তঁ অতি স্বদিন ছন স্বপ্রভাতক বাঁদ শুভ মুহূর্ত মে যজ্ঞ খূব ধূমধামসঁ প্রাবম্ভ ভেন। ওহি কানক দৃশ্য অতি বমণিক ছন। বেদজ্ঞ নোকনি মাংগনিক মংত্রাচাবণ সঁ যজ্ঞ ভবনকেঁ গুংজাযমান করৈত ছনাহ। কতিপয বেদপাঠী নোকনি বেদপাঠ করৈত ছনাহ। ক্যো বামাযণ পাঠ করৈত ছনাহ, ক্যো দুর্গাপাঠ করৈত ছনাহ। স্বস্তি বাচকাদি বহুসংখ্যক ব্রাহ্মণ সভ, সমযোচিত নূতন সযগ্যাপবীত কটি সূত্রাংগুনীযক বস্ত্রাবৃত্ত ভয ওঁ স্বস্তি গণাদি মন্ত্র দীর্ঘস্ববেণোউঁচাবণ করৈত ছনাহ। আচার্য্য, ব্রহ্মা, ঋত্বিজ, পুবোহিত আদি অপন-অপন যথা বিহিত সানংকবণ পষ্ট বস্ত্রানংকৃত ভয স্বকার্য মে দত্তচিত্ত ছনাহ। প্রজ্বনিতাগ্নি, প্রচুব হবনীয পদার্থসঁ জঠবাগ্নিকেঁ শান্ত করৈত ছনাহ। হোম ধূমন সঁ আকাশী মন্ডন আচ্ছন্ন ছন। গানবতী নননা গণ অপন-অপন বেশী ধাবণ কয স্বস্বব সঁ গান করৈত ছনীহ। ক্যো অপন নেত্র কেঁ আনন্দ দৈত ছনীহ। বিদ্বান নোকনি অপনামে বিদ্যাক বিচাব করৈত ছনাহ। ক্যো যগ্যাসেবক সম্যকতযা

পর্যালোচন কবৈত ছলাহ। কতিপয কর্ণ স্বখদ রাজ্য সমূহেক শ্রেরণ কবৈত ছলাহ। ঘর্ম পীড়া তজন, রিজনী পংখা দ্বাবা খপন খপন স্থান কায কেঁ স্বখ পহুঁচেরৈত ছলাহ। রঁহ্ত এহলো মহোন্বভার লোকনি ছলাহ জে খপন খপন ডেবে পব ঐশী খাবামমে লীন ছলাহ। রন্দূকক প্ররঁন খারাজ সঁ কাশী নিরাসী রধিব প্রায ভৈ গেল ছলাহ। মানূ ওহি কানক খন্বপম শোভাক খরলোকন সঁ দর্শকিগণ, খপনাকেঁ জন্ম স্বফল ঔব খহো ভাগ্যরান বূঝৈত ছলাহ। যজ্ঞক খরসান কবীরঁ চাবি রঁজেমে ভেলৈক। কর্মান্তি মে নিমন্ত্রিত খাদি খসংখ্য ব্রাহ্মণ লোকনি, খমৃতপ্রায মেরা,মিসবী, মিষ্ঠান্ন, পূবী, বারুঁ ী খাদি খনেক রিধ ভক্ষ্য পদার্থ সঁ খপর্য্যাপ্তি রূপেঁ স্বকীযোদব কেঁ ভবলৈন্হ। খনন্তব নিমন্ত্রিত গুণী, ফর্হ্ম্বঁ খাদি র্য্যক্তি, যথাযোগ্য রস্ত্র,দ্রর্যাদি সঁ সম্মানিত কৈল গেলাহ। খন্তমে দযাদ্রহৃদযা শ্রীমতী উঁজ্ঞ বানী সাহিরাঁ, খনাহ্ত র্য্যক্তিক দুঃখারলোকন কয মৌথিল মাত্রক রাজ্ক এগ্যাবহ রূপযাক মহতী সভা কয খসীম স্বযশীক ভাগিনী ভেলীহ। কর্মচাবিযো লোকনি কেঁ যশী ভেলৈন্হ। গহলম । (শ্রী বমানন্দ ঝা)

(রর্ষ–2, খংক–9, সিতম্বঁব–1934 ঈা.)

রঁলৈনী বাজরংশক দানশীলতা

শ্রী ঘনানন্দ ঝা, বানীহৈল।

(1924 ঈা.মে 'ঘট্কবাজ' (পংজীপ্ররঁন্ধ)প্রস্তক হিলক

প্রকাশিত ভেলি।)

মানব সমাজমে নানা तবহকে গুণ বিশিষ্ট লোক সব বহৈত অছি। তাহি সোঁ সংসারক কার্য সব সম্পন্ন ভ রহল অছি। নানা প্রকারক গুণমে দয়া ও দান সব সোঁ বঢ়ল অছি। জাহি দানক ফল সোঁ ভগবান বলিক দরবাজা পর সতত স্থির বহৈত ছথিন্হ। তথা অক্ষয কীর্তি ভূমণ্ডলমে ব্যাপ্ত ভেলছ। সে এহি বনৈলী রাজবংশমে জেহেন দানক কীর্তি কৌমুদী মিথিলা-মৈথিল সমাজমে ব্যাপ্ত ছল ও সম্প্রতিও অছি। তেহেন কীর্তি অন্য স্থানমে দেখযমে দেখযমে নহি অছি। যদ্যপি উক্ত রাজবংশক দানশীলতাক বর্ণন এ ছুদ্র অল্পচর বুতে ত্রৈর অসম্ভব, তথাপি কিছু দিগ্দর্শন করবাক প্রবল ইচ্ছা কাঁ নহি রোকি সকলহুঁ। তেঁ লিখৈত ছী জে গত রাজা লীলানন্দ সিংহ কেঁ নিযম ছলৈন্হ জে প্রতি দিন সহস্র রজত মুদ্রা দান কয তখন অন্ন জল গ্রহণ করথি। ও দরভংগা নরেশ কেঁ বাঁওস নাখ টাকাক রজিস্ট্রী দস্তাবেজ ওহিনা অসূলী লিখি বাপস কয দেলে ছলথিন্হ। তাহী তরহেঁ রাজা পদ্মানন্দ সিংহ প্রত্যেক শীতাবধি টাকা দান কয তখন ভোজন করথি। হিনকা সমযমে প্রায়ঃ ভলমানুস মৈথিল বস্ত্র কিযো এহেন নহি ছলাহ। বো ছথি জে হিনক দান পাত্র নহি বনল হোথি। উক্ত রাজা সাহব কাঁ কর্ণকি উপমা দৈত ছলৈন্হ। বাস্তবিক হিম ঋতুমে শীতাচ্ছাদন (শাল-দুশালা) প্রতি বর্ষ হজারো মৈথিল পবৈত ছলাহ। এখনি ধরি কতেক গোটে কাঁ হুনক দেল শাল-দুশালা বর্তমান অছি। কুমার চন্দ্রানংদ সিংহ সব তরহেঁ ভোলানাথ জেকাঁ ঔঢব দানিযে ছলাহ। জখন জে বস্তুক যাচনা লোক করৈত ছল তক্ষণে ভেটি

जागत छनैक। सम्प्रति श्रीमती बानीचंद्रारती साहिबाँमे उँक्त बँह्त गुण वर्तमान छैन्ह। हिनक कीर्ति तँ बँह्त छैन्ह। तथापि किछु देखबैत छी। जे श्री 108 कामाख्या सिद्ध पीठमे जे कि पहाड़ी भूमि अछि। ताहि ठाम खूब धनधब सबोरब बँनबा देने छथि। ओ काशीमे श्यामा मन्दिब बँनबाँय ताहिमे सय गोटेकेँ प्रत्यह भोजनाछादन भेटि बहन अछि। कोशनखमे पति स्थावक मिड्ल गंग्लिश स्कूल खोलि देने छथि। जाहिमे दू सय नगभग बिद्यार्थी पढ़ि बहन अछि। ओ प्रति बर्ष 20,24 बिद्यार्थी पास कय हिनक कीर्ति कौमुदीकेँ बढ़बैत अछि। एहि स्कूलमे छात्रबक्ष्ककेँ एको कैंचा स्कूल के फीस नहि नगैत छैक। तथा शिक्षक बक्ष्ण कोनो छात्रसँ कोनो तबहक दबाँबंटि द्रव्यादिक नहि कबैत छथिन्ह। श्रीमती बानी साहिबाँ नबे हजाब कपैया जमा कय देने छथिन्ह। तकबे सूदि सँ शिक्षक बक्ष्णकेँ मासिक बेतन पूर्ण बीतिएँ समयपब भेटैत छन्हि बो कतेक सम्बँह्वी बक्ष्णक निबाहि भय बहन अछि। ओ, प्रबाँवि कात जनधब सबोरब अछि। तकब यक्तमे द्रव्य बितबण कयनैन्ह। तथा 108 कोशनख देबीक मन्दिब बँनेबाँ मे प्रचूब द्रव्य दान कयने छनि। पुनः उँक्त मन्दिबक बास्ते बिचाब- बिमर्श कय बहन छथि। बो कोनो अस्पतानमे एक नक्ष टौका दान केने छथि।

(बर्ष–2, अंक–10, अक्टूबॅब 21934 ई.)

বৈনৌলী বাজবংশক ধ্বণান্নবাদ

নূটন ঝা

বৈনৌলী বাজবংশক ধ্বণান্নবাদ লিখবা সহস্র 'বাত্ সমেত কাঁ দৃষ্টি ছৈন তখন এক হস্ত সঁ খম্মদাদি কর্মা তক লিখি সকৈ ছী । তারতাপি দৃঢ় ওব শ্রেতধ্বণক লেখ যথা সাধ্য লিখি খপনা চিন্তক রেগ কাঁ পূর্ণ করৈ ছী। এহি বাজবংশ মে বাজা সর্বহিক শিরোমণি দানবীব লীলানন্দ সিংহ কর্ণবাজাক খবতাব ভেলাহ। এক সহস্র নিত্দান বিনা কযনে খন্নজনহি কবথি জাহি হেত্ত 36 লক্ষ স্টেটমে দেনায ভয গেলৈক তাহি সময়মে দবভংগা মহাবাজ লক্ষ্মীশ্বব সিংহ বহাদুবক জিম্মা 22 লক্ষ রুপৈযাক ডিগ্রী ছলৈন। উক্ত মহাবাজাধিবাজ কাঁ তকব খদায করবাক চিন্তা খধিক ছলৈন পবন্তু পূর্ণিযা কোঠীমে জখন মিথিলেশ সম্প্রাপ্ত ভেলাহ, দানবীব বাজা লীলানন্দ সিংহ ওহি ডিক্রী কাঁ সাক্ষাত লক্ষ্মীশ্বরক বৃদ্ধিসঁ পযবপব চঢ়া য দক্ষিণ হস্ত সঁ মাথপব খাশীর্বাদ কযলথীন জে হমব সমান দান করবাক উৎসাহ পবমেশ্বব খহাঁ কাঁ দেথি। উক্ত মিথিলেশ পবম্ স্বপ্রসন্ন ভয যশোগান করৈত খপনা বাজ্য কাঁ কয দবভংগা খযলাহ । কে দানবীবতা বাজা লীলানন্দ সিংহহি মে ছলৈন । হিনক খামেজ বাজা পদ্মানংদ সিংহ বহাদুবহ্ কাঁ এক শত নিত্ দান করবাক ব্রত ছলৈন। হিনক বানী শ্রী 108 মতী চন্দ্রাবতী খপনা বংশক মর্যাদা ওব ধর্মক বক্ষা করবামে নিবন্তব দত্তচিত্ত বহৈ ছথি। কাশীমে শ্রী 1008 মতী কালী জীক মন্দিব বনবায

প্রতিষ্ঠা কয মৈথিল বিদ্যার্থী লোকনিক হেতু পাকশালা কয অন্নদান কয রহল ছথি। এহি ধর্ম্মকর্ম্মক মার্গ কাঁ বঁনায অনেক ধনবানক চিত্তমে উৎসাহক উৎপত্তি কয রহল ছথি। হিনক ধন্যবাদ অনন্তানন্ত ব্রাহ্মণ কয রহল ছথি। হম হৃদয সঁ আশীর্বাদ করৈ ছী জে চিরংজীবিনী রহথি।

(বর্ষ–01, অংক–12,দিসম্বর 1933 ঈ.)

বৈদেহী কীর্তি লতিকা

রামচন্দ্র ঝা, রানীটোল

ধন্য কোইলখ গ্রাম অছি অরু,
মাতৃ ও ধন্যা থিকী।
ধন্য নর ও জনক পুনি,
জনিক চন্দ্রাবতি কন্যা থিকী।।
জেহি বংশ শোভিত ছথি শ্রীমতি,
তকর বর্ণন কী করু।
জে ভবন অছি সুধা রস সঁ তেহি--
বারি কণ সোঁ কে ভরু।।
পর ক্ষুদ্র মতি মানৈত নহি অছি,
কীর্তি অদ্ভুত সুনি কয।
তেঁ কিছু হম ভাখৈত ছী,
শ্রী শক্তি যুগপদ চূমি কয।।
রাজা লীলানন্দ সিংহ নিত,
হজার রুপযা দান কয।

স্বর্ণ আদি ভূষণ,
দরিদ্র কে পর দান কয। ।
করৈত ছনাহ ভোজন আদি, নৃপ
তখন অতি সানন্দ ভয। ।
শাসন রীতি ও নৃপ নীতি লখি
প্রজা ছল আনন্দ ময। ।
রাজা পদ্মানংদ সিংহক
প্রখ্যাত দান শীলতা।
কত বৃদ্ধ জন এখন করৈ ছথি,
কর্ণ নৃপক তুল্যতা। ।
প্রাতঃ বজত স্বদ্রা এক সত নিত
দান কয বিপেন্দ্র ও।
দীন জন সন্তুষ্ঠ কয ভোজন
করগ ছলা নরেন্দ্র ও। ।
দরবার ত হ্জনে বহগ ছল,
বিপ্র দ্খিযা নয সদা।
আজন্ম নহি কের ঘ্রবি সকলা,
পৌনে বিন ধন সম্পদা। ।
ত্রুষ্মা কো ভব দো বঁজৈত কেও
সাধ্ গেলা তহাঁ।
কৃপযা লগা দেল ঢেব ভবি
চললা আনন্দিত ভ্রৈ যহা। ।
কে কে নহি আনন্দ ভেল ওহি
নৃপতি শাসন কালমে।
গুণ গান ঘর-ঘর হোগত ছল,
নব নারি হরতী রাঁন মে। ।
তেহি সিংহাসন পর এখন
শোভৈত শ্রী সবকার ছথি।

হুনক ধর্ম মে তপেব খধিক
শ্রীমতী ধর্মাগাব ছথি। ।
জনিক উজ্জ্বল যশ পতাকা,
খতি উঁচ ভয শোভৈতছনি।
কাশীক শ্যামা ভরনমে নিত,
দ্বিজক জয ধ্বনি হোগত ছনি। ।
খছি সব স্বশোভিত সনিন স্বন্দব,
স্রষ্ট কামাখ্যা জনিক।
কত ঔষধানয খনাথানয,
গুণগান হোগযৈ জনিক। ।
নিজ জন্ম গাঁব হ্রী.এম.ঙা.
স্কুন পতি স্থাবকী ।
কত ছাত্র শিক্ষা প্রাপ্ত হোগ ছথি,
ঐ সঁ খধিক উপকাব কী । ।
স্বত খার্য হুন জ◌ার্জ পাঁসরা
শ্রীমতিক গুণ সুনি কয।
'বানী''পদ সঁ কযন স্বশোভিত
বাষ্ট্রপতি তিয গুণি কয। ।
' প্রভাত ' ভেন হিনকে গুপা সঁ
উঁঠন হরক উঁসোহ কয।
একবা নিমাহরঁ শ্রীমতী কে--
হাথ ছনি প্রাসোহ দয। ।
পানিত ছনাহ পূর্বজ গণ হমব,
জিহি বাজ্য ছাযামে সদা।
বামচন্দ্র শ্রীমতিক দযাক,
খধিকাব হমবো সর্বদা। ।
শ্রী বামচন্দ্র ঝা ,বানীচৈন।
রর্ষ-02, খংক-10, খক্টূরঁব-1934 ঙা.)
ধন্য কোঙনখ গ্রাম খছি খক,

মাত্র ও ধন্যা থিকী।
ধন্য নব ও জনক প্রনি,
জনিক চন্দ্রারতি কন্যা থিকী। ।
জেহি রংশ শোভিত ছথি শ্রীমতি,
তকব রর্ণন কী করু ।
জে ভবন খছি স্বধা বস সঁ তেহি--
রাবি কণ সৌং কে ভরু । ।
পব ছদ্র মতি মানৈত নহি খছি,
কীর্তি খদ্ভুত সূনি কয।
তেঁ কিছু হম ভাখৈত ছী,
শ্রী শক্তি হাগপদ চূমি কয। ।
বাজা নীনানন্দ সিংহ নিত,
হজাব রুপযা দান কয।
স্বরর্ণ নাদি ভূষণ,
দবিদ্র কে পব দান কয। ।
করৈত ছনাহ ভোজন খাদি, নৃপ
তখন খতি সানন্দ ভয। ।
শাসন বীতি ও নৃপ নীতি নখি
প্রজা ছন খানন্দ মযু। ।
বাজা পদ্মানংদ সিংহক
প্রখ্যাত দান শীনতা।
কত বৃদ্ধ জন ওখন করৈ ছথি,
কর্ণ নৃপক তুন্যতা। ।
প্রাতঃ বজত মুদ্রা এক সত নিত
দান কয রিপেন্দ্র ও।
দীন জন সন্তুষ্ঠ কয ভোজন
করগ ছনা নরেন্দ্র ও। ।
দবরাঁব ত হুজনে বহগ ছন,

রিপ্র দ্খিযা নয সদা।
খ্যাজন্ম নহি কের ঘ্বি সকনা,
পৌনে রিন ধন সম্পদা। ।
ত্তম্রা কো ভব দো রঁজৈত কেও
সাধ্ গেনা তহাঁ।
কৃপযা নগা দেন ঢেব ভবি
চননা খানন্দিত হ্রৈ যহা। ।
কে কে নহি খানন্দ ভেন ওহি
নৃপতি শীসন কানমে।
গ্বণ গান ঘব-ঘব হোগত ছ্বন,
নব নাবি হ্বরতী রাঁন মে। ।
তেহি সিংহাসন পব এখন
শৌভৈত শ্রী সবকাব ছথি।
হ্বন ধর্ম মে তপেব খধিক
শ্রীমতী ধমাগাব ছথি। ।
জনিক উঁজ্জ্বন যশী পতাকা,
খতি উঁচ ভয শৌভৈতছনি।
কাশীক খ্যামা ভরনমে নিত,
দ্বিজকে জয ধ্বনি হোগত ছনি। ।
খচ্ছি সব স্বশৌভিত সনিন স্বন্দব,
স্বচ্ছ কামাখ্যা জনিক।
কত ঔষধানয খনাথানয,
গ্বণগান হোগযৈ জনিক। ।
নিজ জন্ম গাঁর হ্রী.এম.ঞা.
স্কূন পতি স্থাবকী ।
কত ছাত্র শিক্ষা প্রাপ্ত হোগ ছথি,
ঐ সঁ খধিক উঁপকাব কী । ।
হ্রত খার্য হ্বন জ◌ॉর্জ পাঁসরা
শ্রীমতিক গ্বণ সূনি কয।

'वानी''पद सँ कयल स्वशोभित
राष्ट्रपति तिय गुणि कय। ।
' प्रभात ' भेल हिनके कृपा सँ
उँठल ग्ररक उँसोह कय।
एकवा निमाहरेँ श्रीमती के--
हाथ छनि प्रासोह दय। ।
पानित छलाह पूर्वज गण हमव,
जिहि वाज्य छायामे सदा।
वामचन्द्र श्रीमतिक दयाक,
अधिकाव हमवो सर्वदा। ।
श्री वामचन्द्र मा ,वानीटोल।
वर्ष-**02**, अंक-**10**,अक्टूबँव-**1934**ञा.)

काशीकान्त मिश्र 'मधुप' जी सेहो वानी चन्द्रावतीक धावावाहिक रूपमे कीर्तिगाथा ' वानी चन्द्रावती चवित ' 'प्रभात'मे लिखने छथि। दुर्भाग्यवश सभ अंक उँपलब्ध नहि अछि, तेँ समग्रतामे तँ नहि, आंशिके रूपमे उँपलब्ध अछि, जे विदेहक अगिला अंकमे प्रस्तुत कवरेँ।

संपादकीय सूचना-एहि सिवीजक प्रवान क्रम एहि लिंकपव जा कऽ पठ्ि सकैत छी-

[मैथिली साहित्यमे तावानाथ मा एवं हुनक परिवावक योगदान-**1**]
[मैथिली साहित्यमे तावानाथ मा एवं हुनक परिवावक योगदान-**2**]

𑒧𑒻𑒟𑒱𑒪𑒲 𑒮𑒰𑒯𑒱𑒞𑓂𑒨𑒧𑒹 𑒞𑒰𑒩𑒰𑒢𑒰𑒟 𑒗𑒰 𑒋𑒫𑒿 𑒯𑒳𑒢𑒏 𑒣𑒩𑒱𑒫𑒰𑒩𑒏 𑒨𑒼𑒑𑒠𑒰𑒢–3

𑒧𑒻𑒟𑒱𑒪𑒲 𑒮𑒰𑒯𑒱𑒞𑓂𑒨𑒧𑒹 𑒞𑒰𑒩𑒰𑒢𑒰𑒟 𑒗𑒰 𑒋𑒫𑒿 𑒯𑒳𑒢𑒏 𑒣𑒩𑒱𑒫𑒰𑒩𑒏 𑒨𑒼𑒑𑒠𑒰𑒢–4

𑒧𑒻𑒟𑒱𑒪𑒲 𑒮𑒰𑒯𑒱𑒞𑓂𑒨𑒧𑒹 𑒞𑒰𑒩𑒰𑒢𑒰𑒟 𑒗𑒰 𑒋𑒫𑒿 𑒯𑒳𑒢𑒏 𑒣𑒩𑒱𑒫𑒰𑒩𑒏 𑒨𑒼𑒑𑒠𑒰𑒢–5

𑒧𑒻𑒟𑒱𑒪𑒲 𑒮𑒰𑒯𑒱𑒞𑓂𑒨𑒧𑒹 𑒞𑒰𑒩𑒰𑒢𑒰𑒟 𑒗𑒰 𑒋𑒫𑒿 𑒯𑒳𑒢𑒏 𑒣𑒩𑒱𑒫𑒰𑒩𑒏 𑒨𑒼𑒑𑒠𑒰𑒢–6

𑒧𑒻𑒟𑒱𑒪𑒲 𑒮𑒰𑒯𑒱𑒞𑓂𑒨𑒧𑒹 𑒞𑒰𑒩𑒰𑒢𑒰𑒟 𑒗𑒰 𑒋𑒫𑒿 𑒯𑒳𑒢𑒏 𑒣𑒩𑒱𑒫𑒰𑒩𑒏 𑒨𑒼𑒑𑒠𑒰𑒢–7

𑒧𑒻𑒟𑒱𑒪𑒲 𑒮𑒰𑒯𑒱𑒞𑓂𑒨𑒧𑒹 𑒞𑒰𑒩𑒰𑒢𑒰𑒟 𑒗𑒰 𑒋𑒫𑒿 𑒯𑒳𑒢𑒏 𑒣𑒩𑒱𑒫𑒰𑒩𑒏 𑒨𑒼𑒑𑒠𑒰𑒢–8

𑒧𑒻𑒟𑒱𑒪𑒲 𑒮𑒰𑒯𑒱𑒞𑓂𑒨𑒧𑒹 𑒞𑒰𑒩𑒰𑒢𑒰𑒟 𑒗𑒰 𑒋𑒫𑒿 𑒯𑒳𑒢𑒏 𑒣𑒩𑒱𑒫𑒰𑒩𑒏 𑒨𑒼𑒑𑒠𑒰𑒢–9

𑒁𑒣𑒢 𑒧𑒿𑒞𑒫𑓂𑒨 editorial.staff.videha@zohomail.in 𑒣𑒩 𑒣𑒚𑒰𑒅𑓀 ।

𑓒.𑓓.𑒢𑒰𑒢𑒠𑒹𑒫 𑒏𑒰𑒧𑒞–𑒪𑒒𑒳𑒏𑒟𑒰– 𑒖𑒴𑒛𑒼 𑒏𑒩𑒰𑒙𑒹



নানদের কামত

নঘ্কথা– জূডো কবাটে

সতজীত খা চৈনসী নর দম্পতিকে রৈরাহিক জীরন হানিমে শ্বরহ ভেন বহয। দূনূ প্রৌঠ় খা সমঝদাব রুঁঝন জাগত বৈক। সে চৈনসী ক' নৈহব খা সাস্ববমে রঁঠ় মান খাদব হোয। সতজীত সেহো খপন গামমে খপনা সূঝবুঁঝ খা সদব্যরহাব সঁ গামক সমাজ খা পবোপঙ্খামে সবাহন মাস্টব বহয। সস্ববাওবমে তঁ খাবো নামী ব্যক্তি কহেনে ছনৈক। কাবণ একো পাও দান–দহেজ নহিঁ নেনে বহথি। এক বাতি দূনূ প্রাণীমে জূডো কবাটে মাদে পৈঘৌতক গপ সবক্কা চননানি। একতঁ ১২/১১ ফিটৈক শযন কক্ষমে জগহ চীজরৌস্ত সঁ খজরাবন , দোসব দিশী জূডো কবাটে ম কে রৈশী পাবংগত,জাহি

সঁ সদা খপন স্বংয বক্ষা কবি সকতথি! সে তেহন ঠ্ঁসা হ্সতীমে নাগননি জে সিনাঙ্গ মশীন সহিত নৈহব গাড় ী মঁগাকেঁ সদা নেন চনিএ গেনীহ। খাৰ্‌ হেব হঠাত্ মেনজোন তঁ ৰ্ঠ ন ঋদা বহতীহ ঘবজমৈযে ধবি। জবনাহা জ্ৃডো-কবাৰ্ঠে কতয সঁ ধবহফবাএনে ড্ডনৈক।

খপন মংতব্য editorial.staff.videha@zohomail.in পব পঠাউঁ।

২.৪.পবমানন্দ নান কৰ্ণ-ৰ্ঠু াপাক জিনগী



পবমানন্দ নান কর্ণ

ব্ঁঠ◌ াপাক জিনগী

জেঠক দ্পহবিযা খপন এ্রবতা সঁ খাগি উঁগনৈত মৌসম মে স্বমনজী ঘবক ওসাবা পব বাখন খার্ট পব বৈঁসন ছনাহ । হ্নক ব্ঁঠ শবীব পসীনা সঁ তব বঁতব ছন । সাঁঝ ভেন তহন কিছু বাহত ভেননি ঝদা খাঁখি সঁ নীঁদ গাযব ছননি । নীঁদ কোনা খাওত ? ভোবে সঁ খনাজক একহ্ দানা হ্নকা পের্ট মে নহি গেন ছননি । ভূখ সঁ পের্ট বৈঁসন ছন । বাতি মে খাসমান দিশী দেখৈত খপন পনী সবস্বতীজী কেঁ যাদি কবৈত খাঁখি সঁ ঠ◌ব–ঠ◌ব নোব গিবৈত ছন । খাখিবকাব স্বমন জী কেঁ বঁদর্শিত নহি ভেননি । ও খার্ট পব সঁ উঁঠি ভনসা ঘব মে এহি খাশা সঁ গেনথি জে ঘব মে কিছু বাখন হোযত তহন খা নের, ঝদা ভনসা ঘব মে গেনা পব দেখনখিন জে ঘবক সব বর্তন খানী খছি । তকব বাঁদ ও ফ্রিজ খোনি দেখনখিন জে কিছু বাখন হোয ঝদা ফ্রিজ মে সেহো কিছু নহি ছন ।

सुमन जी एक गिलास पानि पीबि फेर खाट पर बैसि गेलाह । घर मे ओहि दिन भानस नहि बनल छल, किएक तँ बेटा आ पुतोहु कोनो शादी समारोह मे गेल छलाह । राति मे सुमनजीक लेल भिनसरबका बाँचल दुइ टा सोहारी भनसा घर मे राखल छल । शादी समारोह मे जायत खन हुनकर पुतोहु कहलखिन जे बाबूजी हम सब संगीक बेटीक बिआह मे जा रहल छी । अहाँक लेल सोहारी राखि देनहुँ अछि, चाय बना कऽ ओहि संगे खा लेब । हम सब देर राति लौटब । क्षुधा जखन ओ भोजन करबाक लेल भनसा घर मे गेलाह तँ देखैत छथिन जे सोहारी खराब भऽ गेल अछि ।

ई कोनो नव बात नहि छल । सरस्वती जी केँ गुजरलाक बाद अक्सर एहिना होयत छल । रातिक खाना जे बँचल खुचल रहैत छल ओ दिन मे आ दिनक खाना राति मे मिलैत छलनि । ई दिनचर्या भऽ गेल छल । सुमन जी सब बात मे हाँ कहि अपन दिन गुजारि रहल छलाह । ओ सोचैत छलाह जे घर मे बहस करला सँ कोनो फायदा नहि होयत । किछु बोलब तहन घर मे महाभारत भऽ जायत तेँ ओ चुपचाप रहैत छलाह । भूख सँ बिलबिलाइत ओ खाट पर पड़ि रहलाह । थोड़े के देर मे नीन आबि गेलनि । भिनसरे उठलाक बाद देखलखिन जे पुतोहु भनसा घर मे चाय बना रहल छलीह । पुतोहु चाय–पानि देलखिन आ कहलखिन जे बाबूजी चाय पीबि घरक सामान आनि दीअउ । नैहर सँ किछु लोकनि आबऽ वाला अछि । सुमन बाबू कहलखिन , कनिया घर मे

विस्कुट र नमकीन रखैबाक लोयत तऽ हमरा दऽ देतहुँ । बाकि हम अहाँक बाखन लोहारी नहि आ सकलहुँ किएक तऽ लोहारी खबार भऽ गेल छल । ओ स्वनैत ओ आगि बबूला भऽ गेलीह आ स्वमन जी पर टूटि पड़लीह जे अहाँ की कहऽ चाहैत छी जे हम अहाँ के बसिया बोटी देने छलहुँ । हे भगवान ! अहाँ हमरा पर गलजाम लगा बहल छी । एहि डॅमिर मे सफेद झूठ बाजि बहल छी । पहिने बाजाब सँ सब्जी सब लानि दिअऊ । भानस बनलाक बाद खाना मिलत । एहि पर स्वमन जी कहलखिन ठीक अछि,हम बाजाब सँ सामान लानि दैत छी । ओ बात कहि ओ एकटा कटेबी मे विस्कुट देलखिन । स्वमनजी विस्कुट खा कें पानि पीब चाय पीलाह । कप बाखि प्रतोह सँ कहलखिन जे कनिया मोबा लाबु हम बाजाब सँ सामान लानि दैत छी । मोबा लऽ स्वमनजी बाजाब सँ सामान लऽ अयलाह । तहन हुनकब प्रतोह कहलखिन जे आब अहाँ अपन बाहब बाखन जे कराड़ सन सामान बखने छी तकरा अपना घब मे बाखि लिअ आ ओहि ठाम आबाम सँ बहुँ । हमरा नैहब सँ जे लोकनि आबि बहल अछि हुनकब नजबि एहि कराड़ पब नहि पड़बाक चाही ।एक पल तऽ स्वमनजी के भेलनि जे कही कनिया ओ अहाँक कराड़ बुझना जायत अछि । ओ हमब जिनगी भबिक मिहनत नतीजा अछि । ऋदा मन मसोबि के बहि गेलाह। स्वमनजी सोचि चुप बहि गेलाह कि बेटाक आबैत प्रतोह आसमान माथ पब उठा लेताह । बेटा मोहन सेहो बिना बुझने घबबानीक पक्ष लऽ लैत छथि । दूनू प्राणी सदिखन वृद्धाश्रम मे

छोड़बाक धमकी दैत बहैत छथि । मोहन अपना घबरानीक बात स्वनैत छथिन आँखि से तह किछु नहि देखैत छथिन । भवन मन सँ काँपैत हाथ स्वमनजी अपन खाटे उँठा कह अपना कमबा मे नह गेनखिन । खाटे पव अपन बिछौना ठीक कह बैसि गेनाह । खाटे पव बैसि अपन अतीतक पन्ना पनटेह नगनाह । हुनका मन पड़ह नागन जे कतेक मिन्नत केनाक बाद भगवान एकटा बानक भेन छन । सपना देखने छनहुँ जे बेटा पैघ होयत तहन बुढ़ापाक नाठी बनत आ सहाबा मिनत । तखन ओ नहि जानैत छनाह जे आग्र ओ नाठी हमबे पव पड़त । ओ अपना बेटाक नानन पानन मे कोनो कसबि बाकी नहि बाखनाथि । शहबक नीक प्राइवेट स्कून मे हुनका पढ़ाओन गेन । हुनकव हव जिद्द पूबा केने छनहुँ । मोहन जखन कॉनेज मे गेनाह तखन मोटबसाइकिनक माँग केने छनाह । पाइक अभाव बहितहुँ हुनका मोटबसाइकिन खबीद देने छनहुँ । हम सोचैत छनहुँ जे एकटा बेटा अछि, हिनकव सब शौक आ पसंद पूबा होबाक चाही । सबस्वतीजी टैको टैकी सेहो कबैत बहैत छनखिन जे अहाँ मोहन के माथ पव चढ़ा नैत छी । अहाँ के हुनका अपन पविस्थिति सँ अवगत कबाब क चाही । सदा स्वमन जी ओहि बात के टानि दैत छनखिन । मोहन बाबू आब सोचैत छथिन जे ओ हमब पैघ भून छन । मोहन के कॉनेजक पढ़ाइ समाप्त भेना पव अपन काबोबाबक एक-एक टा बात सिखेनखिन । कोना हिसाब-किताब बाखन जाय ? कोना गहकी सँ बात कएन जाय ? एहि सबहक हुनब हुनका देनखिन

। স্বমন রাঁবূ এক ছোর্ট-ছীন দ্কান সঁ খপন কাবোরাঁব শ্বব্দ কেনে ছনাহ,খপনা দম পব ওকব রাঁজাবক পৈঘ শোব্দম মে তষ্কীন কঽ দেনে ছনাহ । খানীশান মকান রঁনেনে ছনাহ । মোহনক রিখাহ হ্নকব মনপসংদ নড়কী সঁ কবা দেনে ছনহ্ঁ জে স্বখী সম্পন্ন খা পঢ়ন-নিখন ছনীহ ।

সবস্বতী জখন ধবি জিংদা ছনীহ তখন ধবি সর কিছু নীক ছন। ওা ঘব স্বব্দ্ধা ছন । স্বমন রাঁবূ ঘবক ব্দখিযা ছনথি খা হ্নকব এক-এক শব্দ কানূন ছন। রেঁর্টা মোহন খা হ্নকব কনিযা মান-সম্মান দৈত ছনথি । সাস প্বতোহ্ মিন কে ঘব সম্ভানৈত ছনীহ । রাঁহবক সর কাম স্বমন রাঁবূ কবৈত ছনাহ । ব্দদা ওাশ্বব কে ওা মংজূব নহি ছননি। সবস্বতী খচানক রীমাব পড়ি গেনীহ জাহিমে স্বমন রাঁবূ পাওা পানি জকাঁ রঁহা দেনে ছনথি, ব্দদা ও দ্নিযা ছোড়ি এহি সংসাব সঁ রিদা ভঽ গেনীহ ।তকব রাঁদ তঽ স্বমন রাঁবূক দ্নিযা উঁজবি গেন । খার ও রেঁর্টা প্বতোহ্ক নেন রোঁদ্দ রঁনি কে বহী গেন ছনথি। মোহন কাবোরাঁব খপনা কব্জাঁ মে নঽ নেনে ছনাহ। খার একর্টা ছোর্ট কমবা হ্নকব দ্নিযা ছননি । খূন পসীনা রঁহা কঽ এতেক পৈঘ মকান রঁনেনে ছনাহ ,ব্দদা খার ও কতহ্ নহি জা সকৈত ছথি । সবস্বতীজীক শোক মে স্বমনজী রীমাব পড়ি গেন ছনাহ, তখন দ্কান সংভানক জিম্মবাবী মোহন কে দেন গেন ছন । স্বমনজীক ঠীক ভেনা পব মোহন কহননি জে রাঁবূজী খহাঁ কমজোব ভঽ গেনহ্ঁ খছি, উঁমিব সেহো খধিক ভঽ গেন খছি

। খহোঁ ঘব পব বহ্ন হেম দ্কান সম্ভানি বহেন ছী । স্বমনজী সোচৈত ছনাহ জে হেম খখন নীক জকাঁ দ্কান সম্ভানি সকৈত ছী, মোহেন হেমবা মনা কহ খপনে দ্কান পব জাযত ছথি । খখন জৌং দ্কান পব বহিতহুঁ তহ খপনা মন সঁ জে খর্চা হোযত সে কবতহুঁ । খার এক দিশী রেঁটৌ দ্কান পব কজ্জা কহ নেনক তহ দোসব দিশী এহি ঠাম কনিযা ঠীক সঁ খানা দৈত ছথি। ঙা সোচৈত সোচৈত হ্নকা খাঁখি সঁ ঢ়ব-ঢ়ব নোব গিবহ নাগন । থোড়ে দেবক বাঁদ স্বমনজী কে পিখাস নাগননি তহ ভনসা ঘব মে পানি পিরাক নেন গেনাহ । গিনাস মে পানি নেনথি ঝদা পানি ভবন গিনাস হ্নকা হাথ সঁ ছুটি গেন । পানি ফর্শ পব রিখবি গেন । গিনাসক খারাজ স্বনি মোহেন দূনু প্রাণী দৌড়ি ভনসা ঘব মে খারি মোহেনক কনিযা স্বমনজী সঁ কহেনখিন জে খহাঁকি কতেক মনা করৈত ছী জে খহোঁ ভনসা ঘব মে নহি খারূ ঝদা খহোঁ তহ কোনো বাঁত মনরাক তৈযাব নহি বহৈত ছী । পূবা ভনসা ঘব মে পানি ফৈন গেন খছি, খখন দাঙা সেহো খাওত ঙা পানি খার কোনা সাফ হোযত । মোহেন কহেহ নাগনখিন বাঁবূজী খার খহোঁ ঠীক সঁ নহি দেখ পারৈত ছী । রিঁনা মতনর ভনসা ঘব মে খারি জাযত ছী । ঙা স্বনী স্বমনজী টুটি গেনাহ । নোব সঁ ভবন খাঁখি নজবি ঝুকা কহ খপনা কমবা মে চনি গেনাহ খা কিরাড় বঁদ কহ নেননি । খাটে পব বৈসি খপনা ভাগ্য পব সোচহ নগনাহ । এক দিশী খানা নহি মিনন দোসবা দিশী পানি সেহো নহি পীব সকনহুঁ । পিযাস খনগনাক কাবণ ফেব হিম্মত কহ ও কিরাড় খোনি বাঁহেব খারি খপন বাঁনক মোহেন সঁ কহেনখিন বৌখা

मोहन ! किछु खाना रहनन छथि तऽ हमरा दऽ दिअ नहि तऽ एक गिलास पानि दिअ। मोहन एकटा बिस्कुटक पैकेट आ एक गिलास पानि देलखिन । पानि पीब ओ खाऽ कऽ पड़ि रहलाह ।

खाऽ कऽ रहलन स्वमन बाबूक ध्यान सोझा मे टाँगल सरस्वतीजीक फोटो पर आ ओकर नीचा मे पेटी पर गेल । ओ समय कटबाक उद्देश्य सँ पेटी मे सँ एलबम निकालैथि । एलबम निकालि फोटो देखऽ लगलाह । फोटो देख पेटी मे एलबम राखलथि । पेटी मे राखा सब समेटैत बेल छलाह तऽ देखलखिन जे सरस्वतीजीक पर्स राखल छथि । पर्स खोललथि जे देखलखिन जे ओहि मे पाँच-पाँच सौ आ सौ-सौ टाकाक किछु नोट छलनि। स्वमन बाबू ओहि रुपया जेबी मे लऽ के घर सँ बाहर निकललाह । तखन मोहन बाबू दुन्नू प्राणी रहलन छलथि । दुन्नू मे सँ केओ नहि टोकलखिन जे कहाँ कतऽ जा रहल छी ? पहिल बेर मोहन बाबूक एहसास भेलनि जे बाबू हम आजाद छी । ओ सोचैत छलाह जे बाब घूरि के नहि जायब । स्वमनजी के भूख लागल छलनि तेँ सबसँ पहिने एक ठाम ढाबा पर रहलि खाना खेलथि । तकर बाद ओ सोचलथि जे खाना खाय मे जा पाञा सब खर्च भऽ जायत तेँ कोनो कारोबार कएल जाय । ओ बस पकड़ि शहरक थोक बाजार गेलाह । जाहि ठाम सँ चिप्स,नमकीन आ बिस्कुटक पैकेट खरीदलथि । बेलसे स्टेशन पर एकटा चटाञा खरीद कऽ बैसि गेलाह । स्टेशन पर धीरे-धीरे ओकर बिक्री होमय लागल

। ভবি দিন রেঁচনা পর সাঁঝ ধরি এক সঞ্ এ টৈকাক ফ্নাহকা ভেননি । হ্নকা মন মে শাঁতি মিননৈন ঋা সোচৈত ছ্বনাহ জে ঋার ফমব দিন নীক সঁ কট্টি জাযত । সাঁঝ মে হোটৈন মে খানা খা কঽ স্টেশনক বৈন রঁসেবা মে স্বতরাক নেন চনি গেনাহ । ভিনসরে স্বনভ শৌচানয মে দৈনিক দিনচর্যা সঁ নিবৃত্ত ভঽ সামান জে রাঁচন ছ্বন ওকর রেঁচি নাশ্তাক নেন চনি গেনাহ । নাশ্তা করনাক উপরাঁত ফের থোক রাঁজার সঁ সামান খরীদ ঋাননথি ঋা ঋপন নিশ্চিত স্থান পর রৈঁসি সামান রেঁচঽ নগনাহ । ঋার স্বমনজীক ঙা দিনচর্যা ভঽ গেন । সর দিন নাশ্তা, দ্পহরিযাক খানা, রাতিক খানা খা কঽ সামান সমেটি বৈন রঁসেবা মে স্বতরাক নেন চনি জাযত ছ্বনাহ। হ্নক রিনম্র স্বভার ঋা ঙমানদারী সঁ নোকনি ঋাকর্ষিত হোযত ছ্বন । ধীরে-ধীরে রিক্রী মে বৃদ্ধি হোমঘ নাগন জাহি সঁ ঋামদনী মে রঁঠ া৷ত্তরী ভেনা পর একটা গ্বমটী খরীদ কঽ গ্বমটী মে পানি ঋা ফন সেহো রাখঽ নাগনথি । ঋারঁ হ্নকর দ্কান নীক সঁ চনঽ নাগন । দোসর দিশ মোহেন দূন্ব প্রাণী রেঁখরঁর ভঽ কখনহ্ হ্নকর খোজ রীন নহি কেনখিন ।

স্বমনজীক পোতা রোহন রিদেশী মে পঠ া৷ঙা কঽ বহন ছ্বনাহ । পঠ া৷ঙা পূরা কঽ ওহি ঠাম নৌকরী করৈত ছ্বনাহ । হ্নকা দাদা-দাদী সঁ রঁড্ড নগার ছ্বননি । দাদা-দাদী সঁ মিনরাক ঙচ্ছা হোযত ছ্বনৈন ফ্দা ছ্বট্টীক ঋভার মে ও গাম নহি ঋারৈত ছ্বনাহ । ফোন পর মায-রাঁবুজী সঁ দাদা-দাদীক হান-চান জানি নৈত ছ্বনাহ । দাদীক দেহোরসান পর ও গাম ঋাযন ছ্বনাহ ।

तकर बाँद ओ फेर अपना काम पर चलि गेल छलाह । नेनपन मे दादा सदिखन हुनका कहैत छलखिन- रौआ अहाँ पैघ आदमी बनू मुदा अपन माटि नहि बिसरायब । बोहन के अपन दादाजीक यादि आबैत छल । किछु महीना सँ बोहन माय सँ फोन कऽ दादाजीक हाल जानऽ चाहैत छलाह तऽ माय बात टारा दैत छलखिन । कखनहुँ कहैत छलखिन जे दादाजी स्वस्थ छथि तऽ कखनहुँ कहैत छलखिन जे दादाजी कोनो संगीक घर गेल छथि । बोहन दादाजीक बात सदिखन यादि राखैत छलाह जे गाम नहि छोड़बाक चाही । छुट्टी मिलला पर ओ गाम अबश्य आबैत छलाह । दादीक देहावसानक बाँद बोहन अपन संगीक संग गाम आबैत छलाह । हवाई सँ दिल्ली एलाह तकर बाँद गामक लेल रेलगाड़ी पकड़लथि । स्टेशन सँ बाहर भाड़ाक गाड़ी करबाक लेल जायत छलाह कि हुनकर संगी कहलखिन जे बोहन ! देखू ओ गुमटी पर अहाँक दादाजी सनक केओ पानिक बोतल बेच रहल अछि । पियास सेहो लागल अछि । चलू ओहि ठाम सँ पानिक बोतल लऽ लैत छी । बोहन गुमटी पर एलाह तऽ हुनकर दिल धक सँ रहि गेल । समयक पहिया मानू रुकि गेल । बोहनक आँखि फटैल के फटैल रहि गेल । दौड़ के हुनका लग गेलाह आ गोर लागि कहलनि- दादू ! हमरा नहि पहचानहुँ, हम अहाँक रचू । रमनजी कहलनि - आऊ ! आऊ ! हमर रचू ! कहू गाम कहिया एलहुँ । बोहन कहलखिन जे दादू अखन हम गाम पर कहाँ गेलहुँ अछि । हम तऽ अखन गाड़ी सँ उतरलहुँ

अछि । तँए हमर संगी स्वभाव कहनक जे हमरा अहाँके दादू जकाँ लागैत अछि । तहन हम एम्हर एलहुँ अछि । ऋमनजी कहलनि - अहाँ स्टेशन मंगल सँ छी ने ? बोहन कहलनि - हाँ दादू , हम तँए ठीक सँ छी ज़दा अहाँ एहि डॅमिर मे एहि ठाम गुमटी पर किए दुकान खोलने छी ? अहाँके तँए घर पर बहराक चाही । अहाँके ओ सर करराक किए जरूरत भेल ? माय-बाबूजी कतए छथि ? ओ अहाँ के नहि बोकलथि ? अपना पोताक मुँह सँ प्यार आ अपनापन भरल शब्द सुनि ऋमनजीक सब्रक बाँध टूटि गेल । ओ काँपेत आराज मेअपना पर भेल एक-एक अत्याचारक कहानी हुनका कहलखिन । ओ सुनि बोहनक पाएरक नीचाक जमीन खिसकि गेल । हुनकर माथ घूमए लागल । ओ सोचि रहल छलाह जे जाहि माय-बाबूजी के हम भगरानक दर्जा देने छी हुनकर ओ करतूत हमरा समझ मे नहि आरि रहल अछि । आर बोहनक आँखि मे नोर नहि अपितु अंगार धधकि रहल छल । बोहन ठानि लेलनि जे दादाजीक संग ओ सर एहन सलूक केलनि अछि ताहि लेल हुनका सरके सरक जरूर सिखायर । सरसँ पहिने ओ होटल मे एक कमरा बूक केलनि आ दादाजी सँ कहलखिन - दादू,अहाँ एहि ठाम रहू । हम अरतहि लौटि के आरि रहल छी । आर अहाँ के अपमान नहि सहए पड़त । बोहन स्टेशन पर किरायाक गाड़ी ठीक कए घर एलाह । घर पहुँचला पर माय कहलखिन - अहाँ अचानक एलहुँ , हमरा सरके खबरि करितहुँ तँए अपन गाड़ी भेज देतहुँ । बोहन कहलनि - माय ! हम जौं पहिने बता देतहुँ तँए ओ सर आओ हम नहि देख

পরিতহুঁ জে হম খখন দেখ বহল ছী । বোহনক মায কিছু নহি বুঝলখিন । ও স্বমনজী কে জোব সঁ কহলখিন – স্বনৈ ছী ! বোহন খাযল খছি । স্বমনজী খুশী সঁ এনাহ খা বোহন সঁ কহানখিন – হ্নশল মংগল সঁ ছী নে ? বোহন কহলনি – হাঁ রাঁবুজী ! বোহন মায সঁ পূছলখিন – মায ! দাদূ কহাঁ ছখিন হুনকা নহি দেখ বহল ছী । ও স্বতল ছখি কী ? এহি পব হুনকব মায কহলনি – দাদাজী শহব কোনো সংগীক ঘব গেল ছখি । ঘব পব স্বতল-স্বতল রৌব ভহ বহল ছলখি তহ হমহি কহলহুঁ জে রাঁবুজী কনি রাঁহব ঘুমি খাবু তহল মন রঁহিন জাওত । বাতি মে হ্নেব মায সঁ পূছলখিন জে দাদূ নহি এলখিন তহল মায কহলখিন জে ও সংগীক ঘব পব রুকি গেল হেতাহ । ভিনসবে বোহল উঁঠি শহব গেলখি খা দাদাজীক সংগ নাশতা কহ কহলখিন – দাদূ ! ঘব পব চল্ল । স্বমন জী কহলখিন – খহাঁ জাউঁ ! খার হম ঘব নহি জা চাহিত ছী । এহি ঠাম সময নীক সঁ কটি জাযত খছি । এহি বোহল কহলখিন – দাদূ ! খহাঁ কতেক খূন-পসীনা রঁহা কহ ঘব রঁনেনে ছী খা খহাঁ ঘব ছোড়ি দের । হমবা খছৈত খহাঁ গ্বমঠী মে বহর, ঞা নহি ভহ সকৈত খছি । চল্ল খহাঁক সংগ হম চলৈত ছী । বোহল দাদূ কে লহ কে পহিনে থানা গেলখি, ওহি ঠাম খপনা মায –রাঁবুজীক রিরুদ্ধ একটা শিকাযতী পত্র দহ ঘব খারি গেলাহ । ঘব পব স্বমনজী কে দেখি মোহন দূন্ন প্রাণী খকচকা গেলখি খা বোহন সঁ কহলখিন – দাদাজী খহাঁক কোন ঠাম মিললাহ । বোহন গ্বস্সা সঁ কহলখিন – মায-রাঁবুজী তহ ভগরানক রূপ হোযত খছি । হ্নদা

ओहाँ सब तऽ हैवानक रूप भऽ गेलन्हिँ अछि । दादू के ओहाँ सब एतेक कष्ट देलन्हिँ जे ओ ग्रमटी मे अपन समय काटि रहल छलाह । ओहाँ सबहक जीवन पर लानत अछि । भगवान कखनहु ओहाँ सब के माफ नहि करताह ।

थोड़ेक देर मे थाना सँ पुलिस आबि गेल । पुलिस देख मोहन दून्नू प्राणी काँपऽ लगलाह । पुलिस हुनका सँ कहलखिन जे ओहाँ सबहक विरूद्ध एक शिकायती पत्र मिलल अछि,जेकर अनुसार ओहाँ सब अपना बाबूजी के प्रताड़ित कऽ रहल छी । ओहाँ सबहक लेल गिरफ्तारी वारंट आयल अछि । ई सुनि दून्नू प्राणी अचंभित भऽ गेलाह । मोहन बाबू सुमनजीक पाएर पर खसैत कहलखिन – बाबूजी, अहाँ अपन शिकायती पत्र वापस लऽ लिअ । अहाँ के कोनो तरहक दिक्कत नहि होयत जौं अहाँ अपन शिकायती पत्र वापस नहि लेब तऽ हम कोनो गली मे नहि रहब । सुमन बाबू बेटा-पुतोहुक आश्वासन पर अपन शिकायती पत्र वापस लैत पुलिस सँ कहलखिन जे ई दून्नू प्राणी सुधरि जेताह तऽ शिकायतक आवश्यकता अछि । एक मौका हिनका सबके देल जाउ । एहि पुलिस चेतावनी दैत कहलखिन – ठीक अछि, दोसर बेर जौं शिकायत मिलत तऽ ओ वापस नहि होयत । तकर बाद सुमनजी बेटा-पुतोहुक संग आराम सँ जीवन यापन करऽ लगलाह ।

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Maithili Literature in English Translation

3.1.The pod of a tree, Peerar– Jagdish Prasad Mandal (Original Maithili Short Story) Dr Ram Ashish Singh (English Translation)

3.2.GLIMPSES OF RURAL LIFE– Dr. Ram Ashish Singh

3.3.World Peace– Jagdish Prasad Mandal (Original Maithili Short Story) Rameshwar Prasad Mandal (English Translation)

3.1.The pod of a tree, Peerar– Jagdish Prasad Mandal (Original Maithili Short Story) Dr Ram Ashish Singh (English Translation)

1.Lotus Root (Bisandh)/ 2.The Parched Seeds of Lily Fruits (Bhentak Lava)



Jagdish Prasad Mandal *(Original Maithili Short Story)*



Dr Ram Ashish Singh *(English Translation)*

English Translation of the Maithili Story The pod of a tree, Peerar
Original Author: Shri Jagdish Prasad Mandal
English Translation: Dr. Ram Ashish Singh

The pod of a tree, Peerar

Round, green, and tender in abundance fruits hung along the branches as lush and bright as the leaves themselves. These were the pods of the Peerar trees. Five such trees stood in the village, old and majestic. The great mango, jamun, and shisham trees that grew later were said to have sprouted in their shade.
The eighty-year-old Kariya Baba would often say, For as long as I can remember, those five trees have looked just the same. So many storms have struck, lightning has fallen again and again, yet not a twig of those five has ever broken.
They were not very tall, perhaps ten yards at most, nor wide and sprawling like banyans. Their branches were close and compact, strong enough to block the light rain, not letting a single drop reach the soil below. Dense green leaves dressed

each tree like a festival garland, and the sharp, neat thorns stood along the branches like silent guards. The leaves were broad and even, as if carved from the petals of sacred lotus or the tanger flower. Their blossoms were just as beautiful. Through hundreds of storms, rains, and summers, the five Peerar trees had stood together, never fighting for space, never shading one another out. Alike in height, colour, and grace, they seemed like five sisters in quiet companionship. When they bloomed, it felt as though each smiled at the other s youth, laughing in the joy of shared life. No one had ever cared for them, no one watered their roots, no one trimmed their branches, no one ever tended their growth. All sixteen signs of good fortune depended only on God s care. Perhaps that was why the five trees stood proud and self–reliant, owing no debt of gratitude to anyone. Every day they smiled and swayed gently in the mild village breeze.

Each year the five trees would bloom together. Their flowers ripened into pods, then fell away. Afterward, the mature pods, having lived a full life, would invite the wind like a final guest and send it to summon the birds. The birds came, pecked the ripe fruits, and carried away the seeds. In this giving of themselves, the trees fulfilled their lifelong duty.

People avoided working the land beneath those

trees, for it was believed that green serpents, called Sugba lived on the trees. It was said to be so green and vine–like that no one could see it until it struck. Whoever was bitten by it, people believed, would find the gates of heaven and hell open before them, with nothing in between.

The northern part of the vast agricultural tract had once been guarded by an old couple, Ratna and his wife. Both had died two years earlier, and since then no one had dared to take the job. Everyone feared the Sugba snake that lived in the Peerar trees. Who would risk life and limb for a few handfuls of grain each year ?

A year earlier, Pichkun had gone to Morang to find work. When drought came, even the farmers suffered, so what chance did the labourers have ? Many evenings went by without a single hearth being lit. The poor sold their cows and goats; some went to Morang, some to Siliguri, others to Assam. Pichkun too had borrowed fifteen rupees from the caretaker young woman before leaving. Since then, the village had spoken of him as a man lost to debt.

Of the many men who had gone out to work, some reached Biratnagar, some Rangeli, some Siliguri, and some far into Assam. Everyone had given up Pichkun, thinking him a hopeless case, and begun to search for work.

Pichkun sat alone by the roadside near Itahari,

under a tree just beyond the crossroads. He ate flattened rice and ghughni from a small leaf bowl. While eating, he saw two men walking northward. Gathering his food quickly into the edge of his towel, he began following them, eating as he walked, listening to their talk, and joining their easy chatter as they went along the dusty path.

As they walked on, they reached near Dhankuta. The two men with whom Pichkun was travelling were farmers. One of them offered him work.

The man s name was Mangat Ram. He and his wife employed more than fifty labourers. He owned a three–storied house built entirely of sal and timber. Some of his fields lay on the hills where he grew finger millet, foxtail millet, and other hardy grains. Around those plots he had planted lemon and orange trees as well.

When Pichkun looked up at the sunlight glimmering on the hills, the slopes appeared to him like a bleached desert. Everywhere he saw small trees, large trees, and layers of forested ridges. Watching it all, he thought he had stepped into another world. Yet because the path was known, he trusted that in three days time he could find his way home again.

The vast barns, the large straw piles and the huge sheds filled his heart with contentment. His employer was wealthy; his job felt secure. He thought, He will never dismiss me. When I wish

to visit home, I can go on leave and return. I have already learned the road.

After a full year of labour, the longing to see his village grew strong. In all that time he had sent no money home. How could he have ? He knew nothing of post offices, and no one travelled that route to carry news.

During that year he grew close to a young Tharu woman named Dhaniya, about eighteen or nineteen, a servant in Mangat Ram s household. She agreed to travel back with him.

Before leaving, Pichkun bought a woolen sweater and a blanket for his mother, and for himself a pair of full trousers, a long–sleeved sweater, and another blanket. For his neighbours he bought oranges and lemons. He packed the clothes and fruit carefully in a bundle, tucked his money inside the pocket of his trousers, and wrapped the bundle with care. For the journey s snacks he carried some puffed rice.

Dhaniya packed all her savings, clothes, and belongings that night. They did not dare to leave through the forest after dark, so they waited until dawn. As soon as the morning light appeared, both of them quietly set out with their bundles. They took the same road by which Pichkun had once travelled. Reaching Itahari, they boarded a bus, got down at Bathnaha, and continued on foot. Crossing the Kosi by boat, they walked to Nirmali and from

there took a train to their village.

Pichkun wore full trousers, a shirt, and sandals. His hair was uncombed, a bundle slung over his shoulder. He walked ahead, Dhaniya followed behind. Reaching home, both bowed and touched his mother s feet. The neighbours barely recognized him.

Inside the house, Pichkun removed his sandals near the hearth, untied his bundle, and quietly showed his mother the roll of rupee notes. The sight of the thick bundle made the old woman tremble with joy. She gathered all the clothes, pushed the money deep beneath them, and tied up the bundle again, placing it carefully in the corner of the loft. Dhaniya sat quietly in the veranda.

The mother looked toward her son and asked, Who is this girl ?

Smiling, Pichkun replied, Your daughter–in–law. I married her there.

Within moments, women from nearby houses began to arrive to see the new bride. Pichkun s mother gave each of them a lemon from the bundle. Pichkun took out a ten–rupee note and handed it to his mother, saying, Mother, I am hungry. Go and buy some rice and spices from the shop. Cook first, then I will bathe. After three days of travel, my body feels heavy with sleep.

The news of the new bride spread through the entire neighbourhood. Women came calling her to

visit, and the elders decided to arrange a small feast in honour of the wedding.

On the seventh evening after their arrival, Pichkun and Dhaniya went to visit Somni Dadi. The old woman was sitting in her courtyard, spreading a mat and playing with her grandchildren. Pichkun bowed and touched her feet, then gestured to Dhaniya to do the same. Dhaniya touched the grandmother s feet and then sat at the corner of the mat. With a glance, Pichkun asked her to start pressing the old woman s legs. As Dhaniya began to massage them, Pichkun said softly, Dadi, everyone in the village had thought I was lost for good. But I had gone to Morang, worked for a year, earned something, and even got married there. Now we ll stay here in the village. You are the eldest among us, give us your blessings.

In the northern embankment lay the largest stretch of land belonging to Somni Dadi. For two years no one had watched over it. She asked Pichkun to take charge of its guarding, and also offered him five kathas of land to cultivate on share.

Seeing the chance for steady work, Pichkun agreed. The old woman gave him two bamboo poles for the hut, a bundle of straw, and a handful of rope to build it.

The next morning, Pichkun and Dhaniya went to the northern embankment to mark the spot for their hut. They chose a slightly raised patch of

land where rainwater never collected. Pichkun stood there, measuring and imagining the place.

Meanwhile Dhaniya s eyes wandered toward the Peerar trees. She walked closer and began inspecting the pods. Seeing them hanging thick and heavy, she tore a strip from her sari, tied it around a branch, and climbed up the tree. The sight of the green, plump pods filled her with delight. She picked ten of them, each one shining and full like hidden coins newly unearthed from the earth.

While she worked, Pichkun started digging and levelling the ground with his spade. Dhaniya kept breaking off pods from the tree, her thoughts bright with hope, poverty turning toward fortune, hardship giving way to a faint light of prosperity. Her joy overflowed into song. She began to hum softly and called out to her husband, Our fate has awakened ! Look, the tree is full of ripe pods. Tomorrow we ll pick them and take them to the market. They ll sell for a good price.

Pichkun did not understand. He did not believe her words. Irritated, he asked, Do you even know what this is ? If it were something people could eat, wouldn t everyone have already taken them ?

But just as Dhaniya saw in the Peerar pods a sign of luck and renewal, Pichkun too felt happiness at his own fortune, the new job guarding the embankment and the five kathas of land for

cultivation. So he decided not to quarrel and said gently, I don t know much about trading in the market. How will we sell them ?
Dhaniya was used to market work in her parents home. She knew every kind of farm labour and was equally skilled in raising ducks and hens and selling them in the bazaar. With that same boldness she said, I ll make a hook from a bamboo pole, pluck pods every day, and sell them in the market. You stay with me and watch.
The month of Asin arrived. The rains stopped. It was the season of movement. The heavy monsoon had left the fields shining with green rice plants. Wherever the eye turned, the same lush green stretched endlessly. At sunrise, dew glistened on the leaves like pearls. The fields looked like brides in green saris and green blouses, wearing the morning light like a head ornament.
A soft east wind began to blow, spreading a gentle laziness through the air. Along the embankment, Pichkun dug three small channels for the rainwater to flow down into the lower fields. Then he blocked the ends to make little pools. As water collected, small fish leapt and fluttered in them.
Dhaniya would drain the pools and catch the fish. Pichkun carried them in a basket to sell at the market and even went around the village selling them door to door. One of the other fish sellers advised him to buy a bicycle, saying that carrying

the basket on his head left the body smelling of fish.

The thought of a bicycle excited Pichkun, though he had never learned to ride one. For a moment he hesitated, then imagined himself pedalling slowly through the village, the basket tied behind him, selling fish with ease. That night, while returning from the market, he told Dhaniya, We should buy a second-hand bicycle.

Earnings always brought a spark of joy to Dhaniya. Smiling, she said, Why second-hand ? We ll buy a new one.

It was the time of Jitiya festival, when millet bread and fish were eaten in celebration. The day before, villagers had already given Pichkun baskets of fish to sell. Before dawn, he woke Dhaniya, saying eagerly, I ve already sorted all the fish from the pools.

But Dhaniya, thinking it was only a dream, went back to sleep. In the darkness before dawn, Pichkun quietly lifted the baskets and nets and went to the fish pools. It was still too dark to see the fish clearly. Pichkun sat beside one pool, Dhaniya beside another. He lit a bidi and smoked as they both began to gather the fish.

It was the day of Jitiya. People were eager for fish. Before long, men and women started arriving near the pools. With no weighing scale or balance, Pichkun began selling by estimation. The best of

the fish sold quickly. They carried home the remaining catch and spread across the courtyard. More than half was still unsold.

Knowing that on a festival day one could not depend on the market alone, Pichkun said to his wife, Cook the meal quickly. I ll go sell the rest around the village.

Dhaniya hurried to make flatbreads and fry the fish curry. After eating, Pichkun loaded the basket onto his bicycle and went door to door. By noon, every last fish was sold.

The sun blazed fiercely. On his way back, Pichkun stopped by the toddy shop. The place was crowded with tipsy men. There was hardly space to sit, so he bought a small pot of toddy and drank it standing. Then he paid and rode home.

From a distance, Dhaniya saw him pedalling the bicycle unsteadily and felt her heart twist. She had feared this, Pichkun had taken to toddy. She spread a mat and lay on the veranda, covering herself with a sheet, and began to weep.

When Pichkun entered the courtyard and saw her crying, he went near and asked softly, What happened, eh ?

Hearing his voice, Dhaniya wailed even louder. Bending down, Pichkun opened her mouth gently and asked again. Sniffling, Dhaniya said, I m dying ! A deep pain has seized my chest. Go, bring mustard oil from the shop. Rub it all over

me; only then will the pain leave.

Staggering a little, Pichkun brought a bottle of oil from the shop and began to massage Dhaniya. Turning on her side, she made him rub her body thoroughly. When his hands began to ache, she said, Now it feels lighter around the chest.

The word lighter filled Pichkun with hope. He continued to massage her. Gradually his intoxication faded, and her anger too began to soften. He was relieved that his wife had survived; she was pleased that she had given him a good lesson for drinking toddy.

With the earnings of Asin and Kartik, the foundation of their life was laid. From Peerar pods to fish, everything brought profit. The man who had once lived a life poorer than cattle had finally stepped into the realm of human dignity. Just as humankind once lived in huts and now builds houses, Pichkun too began to dream of replacing his thatched hut with a small brick house.

There was still no sure source of drinking water, so the couple decided to make arrangements before the next year. They had no bed, no utensils, yet they were content to plan gradually for each need. The paddy in the embankment ripened beautifully. The fields gleamed with heads of grain, green, golden, red, and black. Pichkun and Dhaniya spent most of their days there, living in home only at night. If they stayed away, stray cattle and grass

cutter women would destroy the crop.

Every evening Dhaniya visited old Somni Dadi, speaking joyfully about the ripening rice. The old woman blessed her from the heart.

By the time of the Sama festival, the crop was ready. Seeing the heavy panicles bending low, Dhaniya told her husband, We should dig and clean around the roots of the Peerar trees, so that they bear well next year.

Pichkun agreed. He carefully loosened the soil around each root and spread goat and sheep manure around the five trees. Then he poured two buckets of water at each trunk.

After fifteen days, the trees changed colour, bright green and fresh. New buds began to bloom at every tip.

Just as parents care tenderly for their children, the couple tended to those trees. And seeing such devotion, the five Peerar trees seemed, in their quiet, swaying way, to bless Pichkun and Dhaniya in return. θ

English Translation of the Maithili Story The Foundling Son

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The Foundling Son



It was the third evening of the lunar fortnight. The moon of Chauth had not yet risen, but a pale glow had begun to spread from the east. In that quiet darkness, a young unmarried woman, fearing the gossip and shame of society, crept out and left her ten—day—old infant by the roadside. For nine days she had hidden the child, pretending illness to her family. But when the truth began to press upon her, she could no longer bear it. On the tenth day, she placed the baby at the edge of the path, covered it lightly, and hurried back home.

Five or seven minutes later, Gangaram was returning from the market. Suddenly he heard the cry of a newborn. His steps faltered. Standing still on the road, he listened carefully.

That was no sound of bird or beast, it was unmistakably the cry of a human child.

Startled, Gangaram s mind was filled with doubt. How could a baby s voice be here, in such a place ? There was no one in sight. He stood motionless like a stake driven into the ground, staring into the dim light. After a moment, he began to move slowly toward the sound.

It was too dark to see clearly. Around him, insects and tiny creatures sang their many—voiced songs some calling to their mates, others humming

in contentment filling the embankment with restless murmurs.

At last, Gangaram reached the spot and saw the infant. One part of his mind said, yes, it s a human baby. Another whispered, but how could a child have come here ?

He set down the bag of vegetables he was carrying and gently placed his right hand on the baby s small body. A chill ran through him; his whole skin bristled. Yet a strange warmth of joy rose within. Steadying himself, he lifted the baby in both arms, pressed it against his chest, and held it there. With one hand he brushed away the bits of grass and leaves clinging to its skin.

The child kept crying. Gangaram took off his shoulder cloth and wrapped the baby snugly in it. Slinging the vegetable bag over one shoulder, he carried the infant against his chest and walked home through the deepening night.

Reaching home, Gangaram smiled and said to his wife, Today God has been kind. He has given us a son.

The words given us a son startled Bhuliya. She rushed forward, took the baby from her husband s arms into her own, and stared at it closely. Where did you find this child ? Ah, what a beautiful boy he is ! ''

I found him on the roadside while coming back from the market, Gangaram said calmly. Take

care of him. If he is meant to be ours, he will live. If not, he will go back the way he came.
Hearing this, Bhuliya s mind began to race. We don t have a cow or even a goat. How will we feed him milk ? She herself could not nurse, for age had dried her body. A wave of helplessness rose in her, then faded. A thought struck her. My sister–in–law next door, still has a nursing child. The thought lit a spark of hope. Bhuliya folded her hands toward the sky and murmured in gratitude, O Lord, just as you make flowers bloom in a withered forest, you will surely arrange food for this child too.
Gangaram was fifty, Bhuliya forty–eight, but the difference between them showed more than numbers. Gangaram still stood strong, while Bhuliya, wrinkled and frail, looked past sixty. Yet as soon as she held the baby in her arms, a strange warmth flooded her veins. It was as if youth itself had returned. Her face glowed, her eyes came alive.
Their hearts filled with joy, bubbling like air trapped beneath water. To calm the crying child, Bhuliya pressed it to her breast. For a moment the baby grew quiet, then began to cry again, for no milk came.
Next door lived Gangaram s younger brother, Rooplal. His wife, Kabutri, was nursing their own three–month–old baby. Hearing the wail, Bhuliya went over with the foundling in her arms.

Kabutri, seeing her neighbour carrying a crying infant, gently laid her own child on the cot, took the foundling in her lap, and offered it her breast. The hungry baby latched eagerly, sucking noisily. Watching this, Bhuliya said softly, her voice trembling with emotion, May God bless you with seven more sons.

Kabutri laughed at Bhuliya s words and said, I already have four of my own. If I manage to raise seven more, how will I ever keep up ? Take back your blessing, sister. Whatever is written in my fate will be enough.

Changing the subject, Kabutri added, Sister, it is strange that in this old age your husband has got such a fine–looking son. He does not resemble either of you. His eyes, his face, his nose, nothing matches. He looks nothing like Brother.

Bhuliya frowned. You never learned when to speak and when to stay silent. You have no sense of respect for elders or shame for what you say.

Still smiling, Kabutri teased, Come now, sister, what has happened to you ? You scold me as if I were the one who caused it. If you two ever get another child, perhaps that one will resemble you.

Bhuliya did not lose her temper. The child s presence had softened her heart like water soaking dry earth. Looking tenderly at the sleeping baby, she said quietly, Your brother found this child on

the road while returning from the market.

Kabutri replied sharply, Then why does the foundling s face resemble him so closely ? He must be hiding something from us.

Bhuliya, a little vexed, said, All right then, let it be ours. At least now you can rest your tongue.

Kabutri laughed again and said, Sister, I will nurse this child just as I nurse my own. I will not let him go hungry. God has given me enough milk to feed both. It is a joy to see light enter your dark home.

Hearing this, Bhuliya s heart overflowed with gratitude. The hungry child drank his fill and soon fell asleep. Kabutri laid him gently on the cot and said, Let him stay here, sister. If he wakes in the night and cries, I will feed him again.

Very well, Bhuliya said softly, and returned to her own courtyard.

She told her husband, Now the child will live. The woman from Godhanpur has plenty of milk. She will raise both children.

Gangaram looked toward the other house. The thought of the baby being fed elsewhere made his heart ache, but Bhuliya s words calmed him. Still, a doubt lingered in his mind. He asked quietly, Why did you leave the child there ? Shouldn t he be brought to our own courtyard ? After all, he is ours now.

Looking at her husband, Bhuliya said, You are a

man. How could you ever understand what a mother feels ? Only a woman can know that. Once a mother presses a child to her breast, she can never again think of that child as anything but her own.

Gangaram fell silent. A thought stirred in his mind, and he asked, Since we are to be his parents now, shouldn t we give him a name ?

Bhuliya smiled, and the image of the Chhath festival came to her mind. Usually the women of the house gather and name a newborn together, she said. But no such ceremony was held for this child. Let the two of us choose his name ourselves.

Gangaram laughed softly. Then call him Mangal, he said.

Seven months passed. The boy began to teethe and soon could stand and toddle on his own. He started eating solid food and drinking water. The love that grew between the couple and the child became so deep that neither wanted to let him out of sight, even for a moment. Bhuliya stopped working as a field labourer. She began spinning thread in the veranda and selling it in the village. Though she owned no loom herself, she worked on others looms and earned a little money.

The couple felt young again. They worked the whole day without feeling tired. Whenever Mangal called her Ma, Bhuliya s heart overflowed with joy, and she would lose herself in the sweetness

of that word.

When Mangal turned five, his father enrolled him in the village school. He studied there through the fifth grade and was now ten years old. But by that time, Gangaram s body had weakened so much that people no longer called him for labour work. Somehow, the couple managed their living by spinning and selling thread.

Life was growing heavy, but in ten–year–old Mangal s mind, a spark of awareness had begun to shine, like the sun rising in a child Hanuman s grasp. One day he said, Baba, you and Ma cannot work as you used to. I want to open a tea stall. If you build me a small thatched shed on the road, I will run the shop.

The idea struck Gangaram s mind. But then he wondered, who in the village even drank tea ? How would the shop run ? Still, he built a small thatched stall for his son. There was a neem tree in their yard. He sold it for twenty–five rupees and used the money to buy the utensils needed for making tea.

Mangal opened his tea stall. It was the first of its kind in the village, and the first shop always has an advantage. At first, people hesitated, unsure about this new drink, but soon they began to like it. Gradually, the shop became popular, and the earnings were enough for the two of them to manage their living.

Within three years, both Gangaram and his wife passed away. While they were alive, no one in the village had ever spoken ill of Mangal. But after their deaths, murmurs began to spread, and people started looking at him differently. Yet, the sales at his shop did not decline, for tea had already become a habit among the villagers.

Even after running the shop, Mangal s thirst for learning remained alive. Whatever little money he could save, he spent on buying books, paper, and pens. He studied by himself and practised writing every day.

Before his death, Gangaram had told Mangal the story of his birth. That story revealed to him how superstition and cruelty still clung to society like the roots of a weed. From then on, Mangal began to study not only books but also the ways of the world around him.

Running the tea stall gave him the gift of conversation. Sitting there, he learned to talk to people. In the evenings, after the rush of customers had thinned, Roopchan would come to the stall. Mangal would make two glasses of tea, and as soon as Roopchan drank, his mind would brighten. Roopchan was the village storyteller, though a poor man. He had a few regular customers, but between them he would spend hours at the stall, spinning tales. He told a different story each time, sometimes of kings and queens, sometimes of lovers like Rani

and Saranga, or Rajni and Sajni. Other days he spoke of Gonoo Jha, of the brave ballads of Alha and Rudal, or of Dina–Bhadri, Lorik, and Salhesh. In this way, Mangal s store of wisdom began to fill up with the knowledge of books, the knowledge of society, and the wisdom of folk tales. Whatever story he heard at night, he wrote down the next day whenever he found time. The more he wrote, the smoother his lines became, and his curiosity grew stronger.

One afternoon, as the sun tilted westward, a man came to Mangal s tea stall for a cup of tea. His appearance was simple, and he carried a leather bag in his hand. The man was the editor of a magazine called Bharat Jagaran. He had come to the village to study its condition and culture.

While talking with Mangal, the editor became completely absorbed. He felt as if his heart and Mangal s heart had set out on the same journey together. When the trance broke, both of them laughed. The editor said, Boy, make some tea. I have not had any all day. Tonight I will stay here and talk to you in detail.

Mangal prepared tea, and they both drank together. After eating and drinking, they sat side by side late into the night, talking. Mangal placed before the editor all the stories he had written so far. The editor flipped through the pages. The language and style might not have been refined, but the

themes touched his heart. Smiling, the editor said, These are wonderful pieces. This is exactly what I came searching for.

He opened his bag, took out some magazines and books, and said, These contain the proper methods of writing. Study them carefully. Once you understand the foundation, write on that basis. I am an editor. I run a monthly magazine. I will publish one of your stories every month and send you a copy.

For three or four hours, the editor explained everything to Mangal. The next morning, after tea, he left.

From that month onward, Mangal s stories began to appear regularly in the magazine. Among his many readers was a girl named Sunayana. She was pursuing her M.A. in philosophy. In the fifth issue, the editor also mentioned that Mangal was working on a novel titled The Dead Village.

The name stirred something inside Sunayana. Her heart danced. She thought, our country is a land of villages, and if the village itself is dead, what will become of the nation ?

The idea struck Sunayana s mind like a spark. The same Sunayana who never spoke openly in front of her father was now ready to discuss the matter with him.

That evening, her father, Advocate Sahab, returned from court, drank his tea, and went for a walk.

When he came back, he took out a case file to prepare for the next day s hearing. His wife brought him another cup of tea. As he sipped it and chewed his betel, Sunayana entered the room, sat on the chair in front of him, and said, Father, there is a question running in my mind. Could you please explain it ?

What is it ? he asked.

I read in a magazine today that the village is truly dead. If the village is dead, and our country is made of villages, then what do we call the country ?

Advocate Sahab did not pay much attention to the seriousness of the question. He said lightly, That is the concern of writers and thinkers. I have nothing to say on it.

But writers are also part of this same society, Sunayana replied. They live lives like everyone else. Then why would a writer write something like that ?

The words of a writer can be understood only by another writer, her father said. I am a lawyer. I understand the law. Now go, I have to prepare a case.

Sunayana rose quietly and went to her room. She sat down and began to think. In a country where there is no clean water to drink, no balanced food to eat, no proper clothing to wear, and no decent shelter to live in, what else can one call it but

a dead land ? People still drink impure water, somehow manage a few morsels, sit beneath trees to keep warm, and live surrounded by countless diseases. What can such a country be called ?
And beyond all that, in a civilization thousands of years old, where the light of knowledge symbolized by the goddess Saraswati has still not reached every person, what kind of nation is that ? So many questions stood before her, shaking her mind. Lost in thought, she sat on the chair and drifted into deep reflection. At last, one decision settled in her mind: she would first read The Dead Village. But where could she find the book ? Then another thought came. She would write to the author directly and ask for it. She took out the magazine, copied the writer s address from it, and wrote it carefully on a small slip of paper.
The next day, Sunayana set out to find Mangal s address. It was around nine in the morning. After serving the early customers, Mangal had arranged the kettle, teapot, saucepan, and glasses in front of the stall. He was cleaning the hearth and clearing out the ashes.
Sunayana came to the tea stall because it was the place where one could easily find anyone in the village. Reaching the stall, she asked, Could you tell me where I might find a man named Mangal in this village ?
Hearing his own name, Mangal was startled, but

he stayed silent. It was as if he were searching for himself through her eyes. Sunayana sensed it too. After a moment of silence, Mangal spoke, Sister, if Mangal lives in this village, I will certainly help you find him. But since you have come all the way here, how can you leave without tea ? Please sit down. This is Mithila, after all. Here, welcoming a guest is as natural as welcoming one s own family.

Hearing his words, Sunayana felt as if a thirsty traveller had suddenly found cool water. She sat on a bench made of split bamboo.

Mangal washed his hands, cleaned the small pan, lit the fire, and began to make tea. As Sunayana stood up from the bench to come closer to the hearth, the edge of her kurti caught on a bamboo splinter and tore slightly. She did not bother about it and quietly sat near Mangal.

Seeing her sit beside him, Mangal asked, What brings you to Mangal ?

Sunayana replied, Mangal is a writer. He has written a novel called The Dead Village. I tried to find it in the market but could not, so I came to locate the author himself.

Mangal let out a long breath and said softly, And how do you know Mangal ?

I read his stories in Bharat Jagaran, Sunayana replied. There I came across a mention of his novel The Dead Village. I wanted to read it, so I

came here.
Mangal understood everything. His heart overflowed with quiet joy. He thought, to quench someone s thirst is as necessary as feeding the hungry. But I have only one copy of the manuscript I ve written. If I give it away, a whole year s labour will be lost. Yet not giving it would be a greater sin.
Then another thought came: I could tell her that once my circumstances improve, I will have it printed. For now, there is only this one copy. Yes, once it is published, I will surely send her one. Until then, she can stay here and read it.
By then the tea was ready. They both drank together. After finishing her tea, Sunayana said, Please give me Mangal s address.
Surprised, Mangal replied, My name is Mangal. I am the one who wrote that novel. But it has not been printed yet. Only this handwritten copy exists. I would request you to read it here. When it is published, I will make sure you get your own copy.
Sunayana was astonished. She looked at Mangal from head to toe. His face was darkened by smoke from the hearth; his clothes were coarse and faded like old rags. Poverty seemed to shine from every part of his body. Seeing him like that, her eyes were filled with tears. Wiping them quietly, she

said, I cannot read the novel here. Reading a book means understanding it deeply, and that cannot be done in haste.

The sincerity of her tone touched Mangal deeply. He looked at her, and in her eyes he saw a hunger for knowledge. He thought, I wrote this for others. When it is published, it will reach thousands of hands. For now, it will reach one reader. That is enough.

Just then, Sunayana said softly, If I take the copy with me, I promise to return it after reading. There is no chance of it being lost. I only wish to read it peacefully, but I must return home before sunset.

Mangal s heart melted with affection. He said, Very well, I will give you the book. The rest is in your hands.

The moment the book touched her palms, joy lit her face. She glanced at its pages, then looked up at Mangal and smiled. For a brief moment, Mangal read her heart as she read his.

Smiling, Sunayana took her leave and walked away. Sunayana completed her M.A. with distinction. Her father, Advocate Sahab, was a strong supporter of women s rights, yet his thoughts often drifted to one realization: women are bound not by one or two chains but by the entire structure of life itself. Breaking those chains would demand struggle, sometimes intellectual, sometimes physical.

Lost in such reflections, Advocate Sahab sat in his chair one evening. His wife entered with a cup of tea, placed it on the table, and sat beside him.

It is good that Sunayana was born into an educated family like ours, she said. Had she been born in a farmer s house, people would never have let her live so freely.

Taking a slow sip of tea, Advocate Sahab said, Please speak clearly. What do you mean to say ?

I mean you should get Sunayana married. Manoj will stay with us; he is the son, the support. But arranging a son s and a daughter s marriage is every parent s duty.

I have a new idea, he replied after a pause. What if we ask Sunayana s opinion too ?

His wife flared up immediately. What will people say ? Have you ever seen any parent asking their son or daughter before fixing a marriage ?

Hearing her words, Advocate Sahab thought silently. It struck him that not only men but women too often conspire, knowingly or unknowingly, to keep women bound. What a strange trap this is, woven by both hands.

He kept his thoughts to himself and called, Sunayana !

She came out from her room and sat on the chair before them. Her eyes went to her mother first; her mother looked sharply toward her husband.

Advocate Sahab spoke in a calm, measured tone. Daughter, you have now completed your M.A. It is every parent s responsibility to see their children settled in marriage. I too wish to fulfill that duty. Do you have anything to say about it ?

Hearing her father s words, a tremor ran through Sunayana s body. Yet beneath that tremor, a quiet strength stirred. Speaking softly but with conviction, she said, Father, marriage is indeed a necessary process for both man and woman. It sustains the cycle of creation itself. But the question is– what kind of marriage ? What we see around us today, ninety or ninety–five percent of it, is mismatched. Some are arranged for wealth, some for dowry, some for caste or lineage, and some for mere convenience. In my view, marriage should be based on the union of minds. Only then will it be lasting and joyful.

Before she could finish, her mother burst in, visibly agitated.

Daughter, in Mithila our tradition has always been that such matters are decided by parents, not by sons or daughters. If children start deciding their own marriages, society will collapse.

Sunayana replied calmly, That is a fine thing to say, Mother. But along with preserving tradition, we must also see the flaws it hides.

Advocate Sahab sat silently, his hand covering his

mouth, listening to both sides. Sunayana s reasoning began to unsettle her mother, yet she refused to yield.

Seeking balance, Advocate Sahab said gently, All right, daughter, tell me your view clearly.

Sunayana asked, Father, how much do you plan to spend on my marriage ?

The question startled him. But regaining composure, he replied in a low voice, You already know my means, child. But whatever is within them, I will not be miserly. The little we have belongs to both you and your brother.

Hearing her father, Sunayana spoke with quiet determination, her voice steady yet full of warmth. Father, greatness does not come from wealth or the body. A person becomes great through knowledge and duty. Every woman wishes for a life partner who is wise and hardworking. I am not giving you a final decision today, but I will say this much, there is a man named Mangal in Sonepur who runs a small tea stall. He has no one of his own. Yet his work and intellect will one day make him known to the world as a great writer. Poverty has trapped him deeply, but if someone helps him rise above it, he will shine in the sky like the rising sun.

Advocate Sahab listened quietly, then said, Daughter, if your heart truly feels for him, I

have no objection. But think carefully while there s still time.

Sunayana replied, There may be many differences between us, but our souls are equal. I too wish to write about the condition of women, because the injustice done to them from ages past still shakes my heart. Even the most beautiful things in the world seem dull before that pain.

Advocate Sahab nodded slowly.

Very well, I accept your thought. Go and see for yourself how much help Mangal needs to stand on his feet. I will provide whatever support is required.

Hearing her father s words, Sunayana smiled and quietly returned to her room. Advocate Sahab sat deep in thought, reflecting on his daughter s conviction, while his wife s anger kept growing stronger.

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3.2.GLIMPSES OF RURAL LIFE– Dr. Ram Ashish Singh

GLIMPSES OF RURAL LIFE

Dr. Ram Ashish Singh



Glimpses of Rural Life is the result of my longstanding engagement with the literary universe of Shri Jagdish Prasad Mandal. Translating Gamak Jingi into English has been both an intellectual responsibility and a personal journey. This collection represents a world I have known intimately as a student of literature, a teacher, and a reader shaped by the landscapes of Mithila.

Rural life may appear modest from a distance, yet when one approaches it with patience and a discerning eye, it reveals astonishing variety, emotional depth, and cultural richness. These stories have always carried a quiet radiance in the original. My task has been to convey that radiance to readers who may not know the language in which it was born.

Here is what truly matters: translation is not a mechanical act of substituting one language for another. It is an attempt to preserve a world. It demands attentive listening, humility, and emotional intuition. These stories do not merely depict rural life; they emerge from a specific geography, from the diction of everyday labour, from rituals and memories, from rivers that flood without warning, and from droughts that linger for years. Each narrative grows from the soil of lived experience, not from abstract imagination. Translating them into English without weakening their rhythm, emotion, or cultural texture has been a demanding yet rewarding endeavour.

My first encounter with these stories was as a reader moved by their honesty. Mandal neither embellishes nor sentimentalises. He observes. He recognises the dignity of labour, the quiet heroism of women, the complex dynamics within families,

and the weariness that stems from decades of environmental uncertainty. Floods, droughts, soil erosion, and migration are not mere dramatic backdrops in his writing they are the very conditions under which life is forged.

In translating him, I wanted the English reader to feel this pulse: the sense that rural life is not static, but in continuous negotiation with change.

What strikes me most about these stories is their moral clarity. They do not preach or offer solutions. Instead, they allow the reader to witness how ordinary people create meaning in harsh circumstances. The characters seldom have material resources. They are rarely protected by institutions. Yet they possess something deeper: resilience, humour, affection, and an unshaken sense of dignity. Their struggles are real, their hopes fragile and their efforts extraordinary.

This collection reveals a world where labour is not an abstract concept but a daily discipline. People earn with their hands not out of choice, but because it is often the only path available. They work in fields, ponds, forests, and on construction sites. They migrate to cities and pull carts. They dig roots from parched ponds, roast seeds into

edible food, pound grain, stitch clothes, and sell lime, fish, and earthenware. These stories bring such forms of labour to the reader s attention not through statistics or social commentary, but through intimate portraits of individual lives.

Another hallmark of Mandal s writing is his portrayal of women. Their presence is not marginal it is central. The women in these stories are not defined by suffering, even when they suffer. They hold households together. They think ahead. They turn scarcity into opportunity. They negotiate with landlords, contractors, and market forces. They confront social stigma with courage. Their labour, often unseen, forms the invisible backbone of entire communities. As a translator, I have tried to retain their emotional cadence without softening the hardships they endure.

The ecological dimension of these stories is equally vital. Rural Mithila has always existed in a delicate balance with Nature. When rivers swell, they swallow entire villages. When drought lingers, it drains the land of life. When the Kosi or Kamla rivers shift course, once–fertile fields turn barren. Mandal s stories recognise the deep connection between environment and human emotion. People do not merely endure natural disasters they

interpret them. They pray. They rebuild homes on elevated mounds. They search for edible plants. They dig new wells. They survive. This ecological sensibility is one reason his stories feel both deeply rooted and universally resonant.

While translating, I often reflected on how contemporary readers might connect with these narratives. Much of modern literature particularly in English rarely portrays rural life with such depth and clarity. Urban concerns tend to dominate the literary imagination. Yet the moral and ecological questions raised in these stories remain profoundly relevant. Whether one lives in a city or a village, the fragility of livelihood, the burden of migration, the exploitation within labour economies, and the aspirations of youth resonate across contexts. Mandal s stories speak to conditions that extend far beyond Mithila.

My aim, therefore, has been to maintain linguistic simplicity while allowing emotional complexity to emerge. Mandal s Maithili is economical rich in cadence, restraint, and power. English, when approached with equal care, can convey these qualities. I avoided excessive ornamentation and resisted the impulse to explain cultural details within the narrative. Instead, I allowed the stories to

speak through their own internal logic. I believe readers are capable of learning a world by walking slowly through its paths. This preface is an invitation to that walk.

Before presenting a story–wise overview, I must acknowledge something essential: translation is a bridge. But every bridge must rest on two firm pillars. One is the original author, whose vision and integrity make translation possible. The other is the reader, who completes the circle by giving the translated work new life. If this translation succeeds in bringing readers closer to Mandal s world, the credit belongs to both.

What follows is a detailed, sequential introduction to each story in the collection. These insights aim to illuminate narrative patterns, thematic resonances, and emotional undercurrents, drawing from my reading experience and my work with the text during translation.

STORY–WISE CRITICAL OVERVIEW

The Parched Seeds of Lily Fruits (Bhentak Lava) *presents a striking portrait of resilience shaped by disaster. Set in a flood-ravaged village of Mithila, the story follows Musna and Jeebchi as their world collapses. While Musna sinks into despair, Jeebchi discovers possibility. Her finding of bhentak lava the roasted seeds of wild lily pods transforms scarcity into sustenance and grief into renewal. Through her steady labour, the household rises again, and the fragrance of roasted seeds becomes a quiet declaration of hope.*

Mandal s narrative honours the often-unrecognised strength of rural women who rebuild life with intelligence, faith, and unwavering patience. The domestic sphere frequently overlooked emerges as a site of creativity and rebirth. Jeebchi embodies a truth central to Mandal s social vision: in moments of crisis, courage often appears in the gentlest hands. Ultimately, the story reveals survival as an imaginative act, where dignity grows from the simplest forms of labour.

Lotus Root (Bisandh) *portrays a Mithila village pushed to the brink of extinction after four relentless years of drought. Fields crack, ponds vanish, livestock perish, and the social fabric begins to fray under the weight of hunger. Yet the story is not merely a record of devastation it follows Doman and Sugiya, whose quiet resilience offers a counterpoint to the village s despair.*

Doman, a landless labourer, embodies endurance without complaint. He works with unwavering discipline, even as fear gnaws at him. Sugiya, steady and practical, becomes the emotional centre of the household. Her acceptance of circumstance is not resignation but a form of inner equilibrium that prevents collapse. Through her, the household preserves dignity, even when the world seems hollow.

The turning point arrives when Doman recalls an earlier drought and the hidden bisandh in the great pond s parched bed. Memory becomes a guide to survival. Digging into the cracked earth, the couple uncovers lotus roots and fish symbols of life persisting invisibly beneath barrenness.

The story offers a profound meditation on resilience. Labour restores direction, faith renews strength, and

memory rekindles hope. Even in the harshest drought, the earth like the human spirit retains a hidden reserve of sustenance for those who continue to seek it.

The Pod of a Tree, Peerar *opens with the serene presence of five ancient Peerar trees symbols of a natural order that endures without human intervention. Their quiet harmony contrasts with the turbulent lives of villagers struggling against poverty and drought. Into this fragile world return Pichkun, a migrant labourer, and his new bride, Dhaniya, whose energy and instinct for opportunity begin to alter the course of their lives.*

Dhaniya stands at the heart of the narrative. Her confidence, market acumen, and courage transform Peerar pods into a source of livelihood. Where others see danger in the Sugba serpent and avoid the trees, she recognises possibility. Her actions from climbing the trees to managing their modest earnings reveal a steady intelligence that reshapes the couple s future.

The emotional strength of the story lies in the

partnership between Pichkun and Dhaniya. Their companionship, patient labour, and mutual trust create a new foundation for dignity. Episodes such as the fish harvest, the bicycle purchase, and Dhaniya s gentle firmness in confronting Pichkun s toddy habit illustrate how affection and discipline coexist in rural survival.

With Somni Dadi s blessings and Munesari s support, the story affirms that resilience grows where labour, community, and hope converge. Like the Peerar trees, the couple learn to thrive through grounded strength and quiet perseverance.

The Foundling Son *begins with the haunting image of an infant abandoned in darkness a moment that lays bare the cruelty born of social shame. This bleak act is immediately countered by Gangaram s compassion. Poor, ageing, and exhausted, he chooses responsibility the instant he hears the child s cry. The foundling becomes a blessing rather than a burden, and the story s central tension emerges between society s moral failure and the quiet courage of individuals.*

Gangaram and Bhuliya embody a form of parenthood rooted in care rather than blood. With no wealth or livestock, they still offer the child

what he was denied at birth: a sense of belonging. Kabutri s willingness to nurse him completes a circle of communal motherhood. The narrative insists that motherhood is defined by action and emotional truth, not biology alone.

As Mangal grows, the story expands beyond physical survival into intellectual awakening. He runs a tea stall, reads voraciously, absorbs Roopchan s folk wisdom, and eventually writes The Dead Village a perceptive critique of rural decay. Sunayana s recognition of his work connects two different social worlds and challenges entrenched norms of caste and gender. Her choice of Mangal marks a union based on conscience and intellect.

Through this journey, the story affirms that renewal can emerge from the most neglected lives when empathy, knowledge, and moral strength converge.

***Two Paise** follows the delicate journey of Fekua, a poor village boy whose dreams lead him to the city and bring him back with almost nothing. What begins as a simple tale of migration evolves into a nuanced exploration of how poverty shapes*

imagination, self–worth, and the longing for home.

Fekua departs for Delhi with childlike excitement, knowing little of the demands of urban life. His innocence is anchored by the quiet, steadfast love of his mother, Ramsunnair, whose labour and faith form the emotional core of the story. Though she cannot read or write, her affection offers him a moral compass no city can replace.

Through Ratna, the narrative reveals the harshness of urban labour and the ease with which migrants fall into exploitation. Fekua learns tailoring, works hard, and briefly tastes pride but ambition grows faster than discipline. His grand promises to his mother go unfulfilled, and the city gradually wears down his confidence.

The story s most poignant tension lies between Ramsunnair s hopeful imagination and the grim truth of her son s urban struggle. Her dreams expand even as his collapse. When Fekua finally returns home, it is not in defeat, but in the recognition that dignity often survives only where love and belonging endure. The story becomes a gentle yet piercing reflection on aspiration, failure, and the quiet strength of maternal faith.

***The Wage-Earning Woman, Marni** presents a compelling exploration of how poverty, labour, gender, and structural inequality shape the life of one woman and, through her, influence the moral fabric of an entire village. Chatoni a settlement without land or official status survives through solidarity, in stark contrast to the pride and self-sufficiency of larger villages.*

Within this setting emerges Marni, a woman whose life has been scarred by profound loss. A lightning strike kills Subadh, Manohar, and Taunki, leaving her solely responsible for raising two young grandchildren.

Yet the narrative does not linger on grief. Instead, it portrays tragedy as the crucible that forges Marni s inner strength. Transitioning from agricultural work to construction, she takes up tools traditionally associated with men, rejecting the gender roles that seek to constrain her. Her journey reveals the contradictions of rural development: while road construction is meant to uplift the poor, it dismantles traditional labour systems and brings new forms of exploitation. The contractor s clerk represents a system in which survival becomes the

only wage.

Marni s refusal to bow to social humiliation or to submit to the authority of soldiers and contractors forms the moral backbone of the story. Her quiet dignity unsettles those who expect compliance. Ultimately, the narrative serves as an indictment of a society built on invisible labour. Marni stands as a symbol of unacknowledged resilience, a reminder that true development rests on the shoulders of those whom progress leaves behind.

Defeat and Victory *captures the emotional and economic journey of a potter s family uprooted by river erosion and the slow collapse of traditional craftsmanship. The opening scene where Soman and Kapli sit beside their bundles, unable to move symbolizes a profound rupture between their past and an uncertain future. The submersion of Maircha by the Kosi River becomes a powerful reminder that ecological disaster erodes not only land but also cultural identity.*

Phulchan Pandit, the guardian of an artisan legacy, owns no land but carries with him the enduring

skill of pottery his family's final anchor. In Lachhmipur, the villagers warm reception and the building of the family s first home reflect a cooperative spirit that once defined rural life.

Soman s labour, displayed in a yard full of pots, lamps, toys, and ritual vessels, represents the dignity of skilled craftsmanship. Yet Mandal resists romanticizing tradition. The introduction of metal utensils and asbestos roofs marks the decline of clay–based crafts, pushing Soman and Kapli toward hunger and despair.

The narrative takes a turn with the return of Ramdat, their long–lost son. Gifted in idol–making and decorative arts, he reimagines the ancestral craft to suit modern demands. His success underscores the central message of the story: defeat meets those who resist change, but victory belongs to those who adapt. Through Ramdat, the family rediscovers livelihood, pride, and a renewed sense of heritage.

The Cart–Puller *offers a deeply moving portrait of labour, displacement, and the unspoken heroism found in ordinary lives. Bhola, born into neglect and scarred by repeated rejection, grows up without protection or affection. His mother dies early, his father remarries, and even minor mistakes invite beatings. When his marriage eventually collapses under the weight of village prejudice, Bhola leaves home not in pursuit of ambition, but simply to escape humiliation.*

Calcutta becomes the unexpected setting for his renewal. Though the city overwhelms him at first, it is among fellow migrants that he finds his first true sense of belonging. The dharamshala offers community, food, and dignity. Pulling a cart is grueling and thankless, yet the narrative frames it as a kind of rebirth. Through physical labour, Bhola discovers purpose. Every rupee he earns becomes a building block in the future of his children, Ratan and Lal whose education stands as the clearest testament to his sacrifice.

The ethical core of the story lies in the sons response. Their academic success is not merely a triumph of education but the harvest of their father s endurance. Their decision to bring Bhola home reflects a deep understanding that dignity must be reciprocated. The story ends not with

dramatic victory, but with quiet fulfillment: Bhola s life, shaped by hardship, becomes the fertile ground from which gratitude, humility, and new aspirations grow.

Livelihood *is a sharp exploration of work, morality, and survival within a corrupt social order. Through the contrasting lives of Shobhakant and Umakant, the story examines two divergent paths to earning a living. Shobhakant, forced out of school by poverty, arrives in the city without a plan but refuses any work that would compromise his dignity. His apprenticeship at a bicycle shop becomes his true education. Over time, humility and skill elevate him from mechanic to tempo driver to eventual owner. His journey demonstrates that self−respect and craftsmanship can forge an honest livelihood, even in unforgiving conditions.*

Umakant embodies the anxiety of educated yet unemployed rural youth. His degree yields no opportunities, and society ridicules educated men who return to farming. This disdain for manual

labour is one of the story s most incisive critiques. Pressured to pay bribes for a government job, Umakant nearly abandons his principles. His wife s pragmatic reasoning underscores the painful truth: corruption becomes normalized when survival is on the line.

Through Mishrilal s reflections, the story charts the layered nature of corruption in banks, warehouses, block offices, and ration systems exposing a world where honesty is systematically punished. Yet the final metaphor of the mango tree reminds us that ethical choices, though constrained, remain possible. Umakant s decision to leave the dealership and become a tempo driver marks a quiet yet meaningful victory of labour over moral compromise.

The Rickshaw Puller *weaves together the intersecting lives of Jibach, Bachanu, Saradha, and the kiln workers Mahakant and Ragini to interrogate what freedom, dignity, and a better life truly mean. Jibach returns from Bombay dressed in urban glamour, but beneath the surface, he is restless, dependent on alcohol, and driven more by*

consumption than purpose. In contrast, Bachanu represents a rough, unpolished integrity. He pulls a rickshaw during the monsoons, works at a brick kiln in the dry season, and consistently puts his children s nourishment above his own comfort. He refuses stolen income, avoids driving while drunk, and follows a personal moral code that gives him inner strength.

The story opens with scenes of drinking, gambling, and reckless spending, highlighting how easily such integrity can erode. Yet a quiet moment on the cement platform where Bachanu feeds his family before taking his first sip reveals a richness of life absent in the modern characters. His world is unforgiving, but not empty.

Ragini s monologue serves as the emotional foundation of the story. Though educated and financially secure, she remains confined, isolated, and voiceless within her marriage. Her realization that Bachanu is, in many ways, freer than she is, stops traditional social hierarchies. Through these intertwined lives, the story critiques privilege and gendered power, ultimately suggesting that real freedom lies in self–respect, purposeful labour, and the courage to live without fear.

***The Lime Hawker** is a subtle, finely layered exploration of labour, dignity, and the quiet transformation of rural life. Through Makhni and her family, the story traces how a woman–centered traditional occupation adapts to shifting economic pressures while retaining a core of tenderness and moral intimacy.*

The narrative opens with Makhni s fall on the stairs a moment that symbolically marks the end of an era. Her injury necessitates a reorganization of the household, and the reactions of Phuliya, Kabutariya, and Matkuria reveal the nuanced dynamics of real family life, where affection and self–interest coexist. Phuliya senses a new authority, Kabutariya yearns to inherit her grandmother s ritual knowledge, and Matkuria feels relieved that his ageing mother will no longer carry heavy loads.

The extended reflection on the lime trade functions almost as a piece of social history. Once a hereditary occupation sustained by barter, trust, and memory, it represents a moral economy where livelihood and relationship were inseparable. But with the arrival of stone–lime, cash transactions, and expanding markets, this intimacy begins to fray. Change brings financial gain, but weakens older networks of reciprocity.

Yet the story closes with a quiet gesture of renewal. In the Phagun dusk, Matkuria lifts the basket from Phuliya s head onto his own. No words are spoken. The act embodies shared labour, recognition, and partnership. Through this simple moment, the narrative affirms that true livelihood lies not only in commerce, but in the mutual carrying of burdens.

***Division of the Ancestral Homestead** transforms a seemingly minor village event the partition of five kathas of inherited homestead land into a powerful critique of moral decline, shifting values, and the enduring ethical core of rural life. What begins as a routine logistical matter gradually reveals a deeper conflict between inherited wisdom and the corrosive habits learned in the city.*

Shrikant and Mukund, returning to the village after long years in government service, embody this tension. Their pursuit of prestige, subtle rivalry, and efforts to manipulate the land survey reflect an urban mindset in which influence outweighs fairness and personal gain overrides collective memory. Their distance from the village is not geographical but ethical.

In contrast stand the village elders, who uphold an older moral order. Guru Kaka s recollections of Vaidikji, Jogindar, Mahavir, and Khaliqa evoke a world where responsibility, artistry, and courage once shaped communal life. Ramchandra, the young surveyor, restores balance by measuring the land exactly as it lies, refusing to yield to either brother s unspoken pressure.

The story balances wit with quiet sadness. The discreet maneuvering of Buchai and Sarup exposes the vanity of the educated brothers, yet their isolation also evokes sympathy. The final, fair division becomes a moment of moral resolution, affirming that true order arises not from wealth or influence, but from justice and shared ethical principles.

***Brotherhood** is a profoundly humane narrative that delicately traces the threads of family, sacrifice, and moral choice. At its heart is Dinanath, a boy raised in poverty but fortified by the quiet courage of his parents, Ramkhelawan and Sumitra. Their sacrifices his mother parting with her nose–ring, his father working beyond his means are modest in scale but monumental in meaning. In poor*

households, the story suggests, every gesture becomes a promise toward a better future.

The narrative takes a dramatic turn when Ramkhelawan suffers paralysis. In that moment, Dinanath abandons his education to support the family not out of resignation, but as an ethical choice grounded in love and responsibility. His act reveals the story s central insight: responsibility is a form of heroism. The steady support of his maternal uncle further underscores the enduring strength of extended kinship in village life.

Dinanath s marriage to Sushila and his slow, determined rise through labour in the rice–husking trade present an alternative model of progress one built on perseverance rather than ambition. This stands in stark contrast to his younger brother, Kusumlal, whose education leads not to wisdom, but to detachment, indulgence, and eventual self–destruction. His decision to sell ancestral land marks his moral decline, and his lonely death lays bare the fragility of success when severed from duty.

In the closing scene, as Dinanath holds the dying Kusumlal and calls him Brother, the story s moral centre is restored. Brotherhood is shown to

arise not merely from shared blood, but from compassion, loyalty, and the courage to forgive.

Sister *begins with the quiet decline of Sarojini, an elderly mother, yet the real drama unfolds around those tasked with honouring her final days. The story becomes a mirror reflecting loyalty, kinship, and the fragile ethics that bind families together.*

Radheshyam and his wife Ragini anchor the narrative. Their acceptance of caregiving is immediate, driven by both love and the awareness that in village life, reputation often outlasts a lifetime. A parent's death especially if neglected can leave a permanent stain on a household's name. The emotional burden they bear is thus both private and communal.

The three daughters reveal the modern fractures within familial ties. Gauri and Sunita return without hesitation, acknowledging that certain duties transcend distance and convenience. Rita s absence, by contrast, exposes a harsher truth: ambition and

urban life can stretch bonds until they thin into justifications. Her failure to return wounds Radheshyam deeply, prompting his anguished declaration that sibling ties end with their mother s death.

The story s most striking moment arrives when Shabana, the Muslim neighbour intimately entwined with the family s past, arrives at night despite the dangers on the road. Her presence quietly redefines what it means to be a "sister." Kinship, the narrative suggests, is shaped not by blood, but by courage, memory, and the instinct to stand beside someone in their hardest hour.

In the end, ***Sister*** *poses a simple yet piercing question: when the hour of truth arrives, who stays and who quietly walks away ?*

Match−seeker s Visit *transforms an ordinary social occasion into an intimate exploration of rural honour, economic pressure, and a widow s layered fears. Lukhiya begins her day facing torn thatch, broken boundaries, and rainwater pooling in her courtyard. These are not merely signs of poverty they reflect her deeper anxiety: that visitors will judge her home, her son, and ultimately her*

own worth as a widow striving to maintain dignity.

Everything around her becomes symbolically charged. A simple meal of rice and coarse lentils, an improvised curtain, even the utensils reserved for guests all carry the weight of family reputation. Her irritation with Nagesar masks a deeper fear: that society attributes every household flaw to a woman s supposed inadequacy, especially when no man stands beside her.

Nagesar s steady, measured presence gradually softens the tension. His belief that affection, not extravagance, defines respect allows the narrative to shift from anxiety to quiet clarity.

Meanwhile, Domon and Buchan s walk across the embankment reveals another dimension. Rural wealth is being reshaped by borewells, fish ponds, cash crops, and hybrid mangoes. Marriage, too, becomes a negotiation of labour, land, and long-term security.

The story s moral strength culminates in Lukhiya s refusal to accept dowry. Her quiet assertion that she will not buy a daughter-in-law safeguards the ethical foundation of her household. When the

match is finally confirmed, it is her self–respect not material display that gives the decision its true moral weight.

Regret *is a quietly reflective story that explores migration, duty, generational distance, and the subtle erosion of inherited values. At its core are Raghunath, his father Shivnath, and his mother Rukmini a triangle of aspiration, memory, and loss.*

Raghunath s departure for America follows the familiar logic of modern ambition: the pursuit of money, mobility, and a future unburdened by rural limitations. For Shivnath, however, the decision wounds a deeper layer of identity. He comes from a lineage shaped by sacrifice his father, Devanath, risked his life in the 1942 movement. Freedom, in Shivnath s eyes, was a collective achievement rooted in land and community. To watch his son use that same freedom to abandon those very ties becomes a source of unspoken sorrow. The story renders this contrast not through confrontation, but through silence and quiet disappointment.

Rukmini s pain is more personal. Her son s

absence feels like an unraveling the slow collapse of years of care, love, and devotion. Her grief echoes the emotional cost borne by countless parents whose children leave not out of defiance, but from necessity.

Raghunath s long stay abroad becomes a gradual disintegration. A cramped apartment, mechanical labour, and his wife s deepening loneliness expose the gap between imagined success and lived emptiness. His eventual breakdown and late awakening reveal a buried longing for the very world he once left behind.

The parents decision to perform their own shraddha is the story s most profound moment. It is an act not of bitterness, but of release an acknowledgment that their lineage, dreams, and traditions are slipping away, and that expectations must yield to reality.

In the end, Regret is less a condemnation of migration than a meditation on what freedom means when progress severs gratitude, belonging, and shared heritage. It suggests that the modern pursuit of success carries a hidden price: the quiet severing of roots, realized only when it is too late to return.

Dr Hemant *follows a man s journey from confusion and restlessness to quiet moral awakening, set against the vast, troubled landscape of the Kosi floodplains. At the outset, Hemant is burdened by family disputes, avoidance of responsibility, and a drifting inner life. His first moment of clarity comes when he relinquishes his claim to ancestral property a gesture that frees him, revealing that the true weight he carried was not loss, but attachment.*

His government posting to flood duty, along with a threatening extortion letter, propels him into a reality he has long evaded. The train, rickshaw, and boat journey becomes a symbolic passage from inertia to purpose. His contrast with Dr. Sunil a colleague whose steady commitment to public service underscores Hemant s own disengagement sharpens this transition. Sunil s quiet resolve illuminates how far Hemant has strayed from the ideals of his profession.

Crossing the Kosi River marks the story s emotional and symbolic turning point. Its waters, filled with both death and resilience, reflect the contradictions of the society Hemant is meant to serve. In the

devastated villages, he encounters courage, endurance, and an ethic of mutual care that had been absent from his insulated, urban medical practice.

Sulochana becomes the emotional anchor of the narrative. Swept away by the flood and later sheltered by Jiyalal, she embodies innocence shaped by suffering. Her image of worms in sugar and chili offers a piercing metaphor that strips away Hemant s illusions of moral superiority. Her quiet wisdom forces him to confront the distance between his training and his choices.

By the time Hemant departs from Lachmipur, he realizes that seven days among the flood–stricken have brought him more meaning than years spent treating the privileged. The story ultimately reflects on duty, healing, and the search for fulfilment in a fractured world. Hemant s renewal affirms that true service begins not in clinics or cities, but in the willingness to step unshielded into the suffering of others.

***Bobby** portrays an unlettered village woman who quietly becomes the custodian of her community s*

cultural memory. Through her, the story reveals that festivals, especially Chhath, are sustained not by spectacle, but by labour, care, and the shared strength of women whose lives seldom enter written history.

Bobby knows every ritual, every seasonal rhythm, and every obligation woven into the fabric of village life. Her conversations with Sirkhariyawali highlight how the poor mark time not with calendars, but through baskets, clay, and savings painstakingly gathered over the year. Bobby s calm presence steadies those who fear falling behind, gently reminding them that rituals are meant to sustain, not exhaust.

Rahmat s mother adds another emotional layer. Her offerings, rooted in a vow made during her son s illness, show how faith merges with gratitude and remembrance. Bobby immediately recognizes this tenderness and responds with a warmth that affirms the inclusive ethos of rural devotion.

When Sonrewali confesses that she cannot afford baskets, it exposes the silent shame poverty brings to days meant for celebration. Bobby s quiet assurance that the Sun accepts anything offered with sincerity restores dignity and becomes the

story s moral centre.

Bobby herself carries the unspoken sorrow of the daughter she never had. Yet she transforms this longing into compassion, guiding rituals, settling fears, and ensuring no household is forgotten. In doing so, she becomes the emotional and cultural axis of the village.

Ultimately, the story honours the resilience and quiet authority of women whose labour preserves tradition. Through Bobby, it affirms that culture is not upheld by wealth or temple hierarchy, but by the steady hands and generous hearts of those who hold a community together.

***Kamini** traces the quiet rebellion of a woman handling a world that praises female virtue while restricting female agency. What begins as a simple domestic story deepens into a critique of shifting social values, the decay of educational ethics, and the fragile position of women within patriarchal marriage.*

The opening exchange between the narrator and Bhaiya Kaka frames the ideological tension. Kaka

takes pride in marrying off his daughter but dismisses higher education for girls as unnecessary. His views reflect an older belief that women must labour without ambition. The narrator s gentle disagreement highlights a society caught between tradition and change.

Kamini s marriage to Lalababu exposes the distortions of modernity. Lalababu uses dowry money to purchase a fraudulent degree, secures a college position, and grows increasingly self–important. Kamini s quiet dignity stands in sharp contrast to his vanity. When Mrignayani enters their lives, Lalababu s shallow infatuation reveals the fragile foundations on which women s security is built.

Kamini s turning point is silent but powerful. After overhearing herself being dismissed, she gathers her daughters and leaves without confrontation. Her departure becomes the story s moral center, showing that dignity often speaks through action rather than accusation.

The kindness of strangers the old murhi–seller, the women cutting grass offers Kamini the compassion her own home failed to provide. Their instinctive solidarity affirms a truth the story holds dear: in

a society where institutions fail women, other women often become their only refuge.

In the end, Kamini reveals how endurance, integrity, and self–respect allow a woman to reclaim her life, even when society offers her no protection at all.

Translating Glimpses of Rural Life has been more than a literary task it has been an immersion into a world where endurance is quiet, dignity is instinctive, and complexity resides in the smallest human gestures. These stories reveal that rural Mithila is not a landscape frozen in time, but a living terrain shaped by memory, labour, devotion, and the unyielding will to rebuild after every upheaval. What may appear outwardly modest carries within it profound emotional depth and moral clarity.

Engaging with these narratives has reminded me that the rural poor are not merely subjects of sympathy. They are thinkers, creators, caregivers, and survivors. They confront drought, flood, migration, corruption, and social inequality with a calm persistence that seldom finds a place in public

discourse. Their victories may seem small, yet they are ethically luminous. Their sorrows may be heavy, yet they are borne with a grace that commands respect.

If this translation enables readers to step, even briefly, into the inner lanes and courtyards of Mithila to feel the cadence of its speech, the weight of its silences, and the hope that flickers through its harshest days then the labour behind this book finds its purpose. Rural voices often fade unheard in the noise of modern life. Mandal listened to them with uncommon seriousness. My task has been to ensure that their stories travel further, carrying with them the truth, tenderness, and strength of the lives they represent.

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3.3.World Peace– Jagdish Prasad Mandal (Original Maithili Short Story) Rameshwar Prasad Mandal (English Translation)

World Peace



Jagdish Prasad Mandal (Original Maithili Short Story)



Rameshwar Prasad Mandal (English Translation)

World Peace

Returning from school, Adauriya said to his mother– Ma, tomorrow morning I will go to Guru Uncle s house.

The name of Guru Uncle set Aparajita thinking, as she tried to recall who he was.

Sensing her uncertainty, Adauriya asked– You do not know Guru Uncle ?

Aparajita replied– I cannot remember just now.

Adauriya explained– The one who lives in Uttarwari Tola.

At the mention of Uttarwari Tola, Aparajita said– Now I remembered.

At that moment, she went to the courtyard trellis, cut a gourd, plucked about two kilos of brinjal, pulled up ten or twelve radishes, removed their roots and leaves, washed them clean, and placed them in a bag.

Early the next morning, after completing his daily chores, Adauriya came to his mother and said—

Ma, I am going to Guru Uncle s house. I have a question to ask him. If I return late, I will not go to school; if I am back in time, I will attend school as well.

His mother simply acknowledged his words without adding anything more. When Adauriya was about to leave for Guru Uncle s house, she said— Son, there is a gourd, and in the bag there are radish and brinjal. Take them with you and give them to Guru Uncle.

He hesitated for a moment, slightly puzzled, but his mother repeated gently— When you go to someone older than yourself to seek guidance or advice, you should take a gift as an offering.

Until that moment, Adauriya had never truly understood such a gesture, but that morning it became clear. His father Sukhdev s words came back to him: Son, in our time, and even before, when teachers did not receive a salary, the children the students would bring them a shanichara, a pice and a quarter kilo of rice.

Once, Adauriya had asked— Why give them money

and rice ?
Sukhdev had replied– If you receive knowledge from someone, you must give something in return. When knowledge is taken without any offering, its worth begins to fade.
Back then he had heard his father s words without understanding them. But now, seeing his mother s actions, his father s meaning returned to him with sudden clarity. Holding the gourd in one hand and slinging the bag with brinjal and radish over his shoulder, Adauriya set out for Guru Uncle s house. As soon as Adauriya reached Guru Uncle s doorway and saw him, he said– I bow to you, Uncle. I have come to know the answer of a question.

While lowering his gaze Guru chacha blessed Adauriya, but he noticed the bag slung over Adauriya s shoulder and the gourd in his hand. His eyes lifted in surprise. It reminded him of an old tradition long observed here: whenever one received knowledge from someone, one would offer a token of respect in return. Even Dronacharya had taken Eklavya s thumb. Yet, another thought stirred in his mind that if, in exchange for giving something, one always received something in return, if one taught only to be paid, then it became a transaction. The gift of knowledge is the highest of all gifts, and its sanctity remains only when it is given freely, without taking anything in return.

Otherwise, it turns into an act of buying and selling.

Guru Uncle was still lost in his thoughts when Adauriya entered the courtyard and placed the bag of radishes and brinjal, along with the gourd, on the eastern verandah, saying to Guru Uncle s wife— Aunty, here is a gourd, and in the bag there are brinjal and radishes. Please keep them.

Hearing this, Sarojini guessed at once that her husband must have sent the boy, so she took them silently without comment.

Returning to the doorway, Adauriya touched Guru Uncle s feet in reverence. Guru Uncle reconised him by his face that the boy was from Southern colony, but he did not know exactly who he was, whose son he might be, or what his name was. Without knowing, he blessed him much as Ramananda Swami had once said to Kabir— Child, recite Ram—Ram, saying— Be well, child. May you be blessed.

Inviting Adauriya to sit before him with a gesture, Guru Uncle watched as the boy sat down and said— Uncle, I have come to ask you the answer to a question.

Hearing this, Guru Uncle thought to himself that he did not know the boy well, nor his true nature. In such a case, how could he decide what kind

of answer would be right for him ? The world is what it is, full of both good and bad. If he were to call bad what is good or good what is bad, that too would not be right.

Caught in this uncertainty, Guru Uncle decided it would be better to know the boy before answering his question. So he asked— Child, what is your name ?

With the tone of a small child answering proudly, Adauriya said— Uncle, in school my name is Adaurilal. My friends call me Adauri, and my parents call me Adauriya.

Guru Uncle asked— Your father s name ?

Adauriya replied— Sukhdev.

The moment Guru Uncle heard the name Sukhdev, he recognised him. Sukhdev from Southern colony was Adauriya s father. Guru Uncle had once given Sukhdev a cow to tend. As long as the cow remained in milk, Sukhdev kept coming to Guru chacha s place. When the cow grew old and died, that arrangement came to an end.

Guru Uncle asked— What is your question, Adauri ?

Adaurilal said— Uncle, the day after tomorrow there will be a programme at our school. The Education Minister will also be coming. All the teachers and students of our school will be present. There will be a seminar on the topic of World Peace . The teachers will take part, and some

students have also been given five minutes each to speak. I am one of them, and I have come to you for guidance.

Hearing the boy s question, Guru Uncle thought to himself that the greatest scholars of the world have pondered over this subject, and here was a child wishing to speak on it. Yet he reminded himself that even if the universe and the divine are infinite, it does not mean a young mind cannot grasp them in its own measure. In school, in the village, and in the home, children constantly listen to and absorb what their elders and teachers say.

Guru Uncle asked— Son, which class are you in ?

Adaurilal replied— I am in the ninth.

On hearing ninth class, Guru Uncle considered what the boy s level might be. At least he would have heard the seeds of greater thoughts. Hearing is one thing, understanding another. Even if Adaurilal might not yet fully comprehend the subject, he had at least heard of it. Everyone knows that knowledge is of two kinds. One is verbal, and the other is practical. Verbal knowledge comes first, and when it is put into action, it becomes practical knowledge, which is the truest form of learning.

Guru Uncle said— Son, do you understand the two words world and peace ?

Adaurilal was a straightforward boy. A child s mind is simple by nature, and he was the son of such parents and such a family where deceit and intrigue had no place. His dealings and thoughts were open and honest with everyone. Deceit and manipulation creep into families where stomachs are always full and business runs on a grand scale.

Adauriya said— Guru Uncle, Master Sahib told us that everyone will have to speak for five minutes on the topic of world peace, so I have come to you to understand what I should say about it.

Hearing the boy s thought, Guru Uncle reflected that what Adauriya said was indeed correct. As he had heard from his teachers, so he understood, and so he spoke. He could not be expected to grasp that where each individual s life is filled with unrest, bringing peace into the minds of all the world s people is not child s play. If the hope with which Adaurilal had come were not fulfilled, the boy might leave in disappointment.

Guru Uncle asked— Adaurilal, who all will be present at the programme ?

Adaurilal replied— Uncle, the chief guest will be the Honourable Education Minister. All the teachers of the school will be there eleven in all along with students from all four classes.

Hearing this, Guru Uncle thought to himself that five minutes was hardly enough time. It was barely

the time taken to sip a cup of tea.

Guru Uncle said— Adaurilal, any speech begins with a salutation. Then comes the main subject, the matter you have to discuss, and finally you conclude your speech. So first tell me how you will give the salutation.

Adaurilal said— Guru Uncle, Master Sahib wrote it on the board and had us all copy it.

Guru Uncle asked— What did he write ?

Adaurilal took out the piece of paper from his pocket and began to read: Respected Honourable Education Minister, Government of Bihar. Respected Principal Sir, respected Ravindra Babu, Khushilal Babu, Kedar Babu, Vimal Babu, Rudrachandra Babu, Singheshwar Babu, and Shubhkant Babu. Along with the present students and

Hearing this list of salutations, Guru Uncle realised at once that nearly four of Adaurilal s allotted five minutes would be spent just on greetings.

Adding his own suggestion, Guru Uncle said— Son, add one more line at the end: In today s world, unrest is the greatest problem of life. Without peace in life, peace in the world cannot be achieved.

By the time Adaurilal had finished writing, Guru Uncle felt a quiet relief. Yet his mind told him that on the subject of world peace, he should also speak to Adaurilal directly. He asked again— Adaurilal, are you done, or do you wish to add

more ?
Guru Uncle reflected that Adaurilal was still a child. If he gave him more to write, especially things whose meaning the boy could not understand, the audience might simply conclude that the speech had been copied from a book or dictated by someone else. In that case, a third suspicion might also arise. He decided it would be better to let the written part remain as it was and explain verbally what the world is and what peace is, thus keeping his own conscience clear.
Adaurilal had no real sense of what five minutes meant, how much could be spoken or done in that time. He only felt vaguely that his speech was too short. He said— Uncle, please add a little more.

Seeing the boy s curiosity, Guru Uncle felt not displeasure but satisfaction. Displeasure would have come only if the boy had been shirking work, which he was not. The eagerness to learn was alive in him, and that gave Guru Uncle contentment. Smiling, he said— Son, first listen carefully to what I say. Later, if you feel like adding something from your own thoughts, you may add much, as you want.
This thought arose in Guru Uncle s mind for two reasons: first, he could meet the measure of the boy s curiosity without leaving him the impression that his elder had been careless in guiding him;

second, the deeper ideas he held within himself were not yet within Adaurilal s reach. If the boy could not truly grasp them, then how can he prepare more.

Adaurilal asked— Shall I hear it, Uncle ?

Guru Uncle said— What do you mean by the word world ? What is the world ?

Adaurilal replied— The world means the earth and all that is in it.

Hearing the answer, Guru Uncle smiled inwardly, knowing that the boy was repeating exactly what he had heard from people s lips and from his books. He had no idea that the world is the composite of three elements: Brahma, the soul, and Maya. Brahma is the essence of knowledge and bliss; the soul is the essence of life; and Maya is the essence of action and manifestation. Together they form the world.

In the same way, peace has its own nature. When knowledge transforms into trust and grows, peace is born in the human heart. That peace, as it deepens and matures, becomes a state of profound tranquillity.

Guru Uncle said— Adaurilal, you do not have a watch, but there is one hanging on the wall. Look at it, then read aloud the speech you have written. From that you will know whether it fills five minutes or not.

Hearing this, Adaurilal began to read. Being a

child, he was not yet skilled at reading smoothly, and that too added to the time. By the time he finished his prepared text, the five minutes had been completely filled.

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विदेह लिटरेचर फेस्टीवल

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